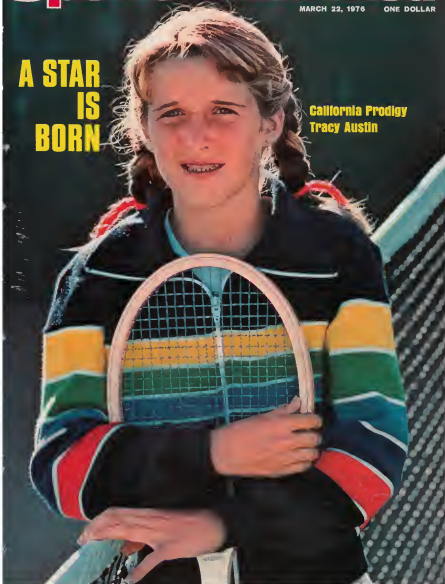


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 22, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

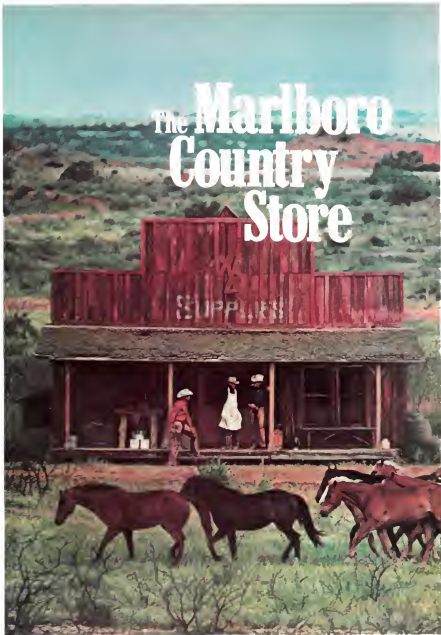
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IS
BORN**

**California Prodigy
Tracy Austin**



The Marlboro Country Store

SUPPLIES



Pommel Bag. The leather is harness-stitched fatigo. The buckles are solid brass. The strap adjusts for easy carrying. Perfect for peckin' along small gear. \$48.00 each.



"When Cold Winds Warm the Heart"



"Back to the Herd"

Limited Edition Signed Western Prints. Olaf Wieghorst and Fred Fellows rank among the finest contemporary Cowboy Artists. We've selected a noted painting by each man, and are able to offer a limited number of prints. Each is signed, numbered, matted and comes in a custom frame that's designed especially for each print. Please indicate choice by name—"When Cold Winds Warm the Heart," by Fellows (size framed, 44" x 32 1/4"); "Back to the Herd," by Wieghorst (size framed, 37 3/8" x 33 1/2"). \$100.00 each. Supply limited.

Genuine Cowhide. Contoured and fully tanned. May vary in size, but each covers approximately 35 sq. ft. of wall or floor. \$95.00 each.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



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Dutch Oven. Made of heavy cast iron. Holds four quarts. It was almost all a chuckwagon cook needed to fix up three squares a day. To get you started, we've included a book of chuckwagon recipes. And a batch of sour-dough starter packed in a hefty ceramic crock. \$17.00 for the set.



Denim Shirt. Cowboys have worn denim for over a hundred years because it stands up to hard work and raw weather on the open range. This pre-faded Levi's® denim shirt is cut in the traditional Western style and comes with pearl snaps.

Sizes:

Small (approx. 14-32) Medium (approx. 15-33)
Large (approx. 16-35) X-Large (approx. 17-35)
\$12.00 each.

The Saddle Coat. Made of nature's range leather, with all the cowhide scratches and markings left in. It's buck-stitched with rolled-leather buttons and a lightweight lining. Made exclusively for Marlboro by Pioneer Wear.

Color: Saddle Tan.
Sizes: Reg: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46.
Long: 40, 42, 44, 46.

\$95.00 each.



Trail Bedroll. Designed after the old cowboy bedroll. Outside, a water-repellent cotton shell. Inside, a warm, cotton-flannel liner, with removable blanket. All rolled up in a waterproof ground cloth that shelters you from wind and weather. \$50.00 each.

Chuck-Iron. When a chuckwagon cook used one of these, cowhands would come runnin' from far and wide to grab a plate. Triangle and striker are made of forged steel. Approx. 16" high. \$20.00 for both.



Neckerchief. Out here, no man rides into a workin' day without a bandana to protect him from dust and burning sun. This red bandana is screen printed by hand and measures 22" x 22". \$4.00 each.



The Marlboro Stetson. Four generations made the Stetson a tradition. The hat has a 3½-inch brim and is made of Color: Silve. Belly. Sizes: Reg. Oval: 6½, 6¾, 6⅞, 7, 7½. Long Oval: 6½, 7, 7½, 7¾. \$25.00 each.

Roping Gloves. When the work gets tough, a cowboy's hands, he'll pull on a pair of soft but tough deerskin. Made of soft but tough deerskin. Sizes: 7½ to 11 including half sizes. \$9.00 per pair.



Branding Irons. We rounded up three old and famous brands and added our own. They're 36 inches and give an authentic Western to Specify "Bell," "Pitchfork," "CS," or "S". \$20.00 each.



Come to where the flavor is. Come

A vintage advertisement for Marlboro Country Store. The background is a color photograph of a desert landscape with a cowboy herding a group of horses. The horses are in motion, running through a field of low-lying shrubs. In the background, there are rolling hills with patches of red soil. The sky is a clear, pale blue. The text is overlaid on the upper left portion of the image.

A few years ago we opened up the
Marlboro Country Store. A place where you could get
some of the things from Marlboro Country.

Since then, people have written in wanting more,
so we've stocked up a whole new supply.

Like the Saddle Coat.

Trail Bedroll.

Branding Irons.

And ten other items all under one roof.

Just turn the page and take a look.

29 reasons why a Mercury Marquis was judged superior overall to an Olds 98 and a Buick Electra.

**Based on tests you can do yourself,
37 out of 50 car owners picked a Marquis over a Buick, 40 out of 50 over an Olds.**

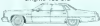


Last fall, Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute formed a panel of 100 randomly selected men from the Los Angeles area—all owners of standard-size cars—and asked them to compare a 1976 Mercury Marquis Brougham with 76 models of its leading competitors, Buick Electra 225 or Olds 98 LS.



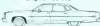
Mercury Marquis
Length 229 0" Weight 4704 lb
Engine 460 CID

This was a thorough comparison. Each car owner faced a battery of 29 specific tests. Each drove and rode 3.5 miles in total over various road surfaces. Each performed inspections inside and out.



Buick Electra 225
Length 233 4" Weight 4786 lb
Engine 455 CID

They judged each car's styling. Front, rear and sides. They studied instrument panels, door trim and seating. In every test of styling, they judged Marquis superior.



Olds 98 LS
Length 232 2" Weight 4786 lb
Engine 455 CID

They slammed doors and noted the sound. In this traditional test of solidness, an overwhelming majority judged Marquis more solidly built.



They operated window controls, door handles and locks, interior lights and the parking brake. They loaded the trunk with luggage. In tests like these, they found more convenience built into Marquis.

They drove and rode in the cars to evaluate smoothness, quietness, cornering ability and control. In all tests of handling and driving comfort, Marquis won hands down. Based on all these tests, they rated Marquis superior overall.

Make your own test. Discover for yourself why Mercury Marquis is everything the test results say it is. Test any car against the 76 Mercury Marquis. Buy or lease one at The Sign of the Cat.

Test Program	Number Preferring Marquis	Number Preferring Buick	Number Preferring Marquis	Number Preferring Olds
Styling Features				
1 Overall styling	38	12	38	12
2 Front end styling	36	14	32	18
3 Side view styling	33	17	31	19
4 Rear end styling	28	22	33	17
5 Interior styling	37	13	44	6
Ride				
6 Riding comfort	34	18	37	13
7 Handwriting on rough road	31	19	31	19
8 Quietness	40	10	43	7
Handling				
9 Overall driving ease	32	18	33	17
10 Cornering ability	31	19	33	17
11 Right front visibility	34	16	36	15
12 Parking brake	39	11	43	7
13 Windshield washer	34	16	36	14
Quality features				
14 Solidly built	47	3	46	4
15 Carpeting thickness/softness	45	5	41	9
16 Headliner padding	33	17	35	15
17 Sun visor	34	16	39	11
18 Stereo performance	40	10	45	5
Convenience				
19 Spacious/convenient trunk	39	11	38	12
20 Tilt steering wheel operation	19	31	28	22
21 Glove compartment capacity	47	3	47	3
22 Rear window convenience	45	5	50	0
23 Door handle operation	44	6	44	6
24 Comfort/practical front center arm rests	34	16	41	9
25 Ash tray accessibility	36	14	42	8
26 Assist straps convenience	28	22	40	10
27 Key design	44	6	46	4
28 Window/door lock operation	37	13	37	13
29 Interior lighting	47	3	48	2
Superior overall	37	13	40	10

For a detailed test report, write Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Grand Central Station, PO Box 3273, New York, New York 10017.



Mercury Marquis Brougham
With opt. VSW lines
protective body-side molding
and bumper protection grille

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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



Simple facts everyone who
owns a home, car or business should know

How to Get the Best Insurance Buy for Your Money.

The best way to get a true bargain on insurance is to shop for it. But there are more than three thousand companies selling insurance policies to protect homes, cars and businesses, and it isn't practical for you to check each and every one.

That's why it's a good idea to consult an independent insurance agent. An independent agent does not work for an insurance company. He works for you. Which means he can plan the coverage that protects you best. And then place it with the most suitable of the several insurance companies he deals with.

Many people make the costly mistake of assuming that insurance policies are all the same. The truth is, they are not. Not only does the quality of coverage vary from policy to policy, but the cost often varies too.

Remember that price is not the only basis for selecting your coverage. A company's reputation for service and claims payment is critical.

And if you have a claim, your in-

dependent agent is in a position to support you. To be on your side in helping you obtain a just, equitable settlement. Promptly.

Because he is a self-employed local business man, an independent agent knows his responsibility is to his customers. His success is based on serving his customers in three key areas:

1. He provides the best insurance coverage at the lowest true cost to you.
2. He is available day and night to respond to your needs.
3. He handles all types of insurance, and deals through strong, reliable companies.

To make sure you have an independent insurance agent on your side, look for this symbol or consult your Yellow Pages. If he can't help you, nobody can.



Independent Insurance
Agents of America, Inc.



Driving less doesn't mean you can forget about your oil filter.

If you're driving less often, you should probably know even more concerned about your oil and oil filter. Because taking longer and shorter trips in your car can be particularly rough on your engine too.

On short trips your oil doesn't always reach temperatures hot enough to eliminate water condensation and acid-forming contaminants. These contaminants may cause engine wear.

That's why AC Delco

reminds you to see what your owner's manual recommends for oil filter



changes. It will probably call for a change in terms of mileage or time, whichever comes first. So think about it, not just miles, to protect your engine.

See what your manual says about your oil filter too. A cheap oil filter could limit your true mileage.

And remember to go with AC Delco Filters — with up to 10,000 miles of filtering protection — on AC Air Filters. Both will help your engine run clean.

**Go
with the names
you know.**



AC DELCO DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Next Week

GOOD AS GOLD The Nuggets have a ride that lead in the ABA, outdraw almost everybody in the pros but labor untraveled outside Denver. Curry Kirkpatrick gives them their overdue due.

MERCY SAKES Good buddies seems like there's new ways to have fun with those CB rigs other than bawling Smokey Bear. J. D. Reed relates how "ears" are changing game sports.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Dan Jenkins was assigned to cover the Doral-Eastern Open (page 16), he and Golf Editor Walter Bingham decided the best way to report on the tournament would be to describe how the pros played Doral's killer 18th, the toughest finishing hole on the PGA tour. And what better way would there be for Jenkins to get a feel for what the pros faced than to take a whack at the 18th himself?

Although he lately has been concentrating on tennis, which he plays with a cup of coffee in his nonracket hand, Jenkins is not an average Sunday golfer. He captained the TCU golf team, is a two-time winner of the annual Golf Writers Tournament and, at his best, was a scratch player. But take on Doral's 18th? That's such a tall order CBS decided to bring its cameras when our man stepped to the tee. Here's Jenkins' report on Jenkins.

You can't just go out and play a hole on a PGA tour course when a tournament is in progress: you must get permission from someone of high position. I asked Ben Crenshaw, but he turned me down, telling me to go eat a taco instead. Then I went to Jack Tuthill, the tour director. He said O.K., if I waited until the last threesome finished on Friday. That threesome included a fellow named Calvin Peete, who has diamonds in his front teeth.

Tuthill drove me out to the 18th tee and loaned me his clubs, a couple of balls and his glove. I was dressed like the playing pro from the Army-Navy store, and I brought my own J&B and water. I decided not to wear cleats in order to take advantage of my full body turn. I swung a club like a Texan from the waist up, a crumple from the waist down—and I am a coward when it comes to water-guarded par-4s.

It didn't help that the guys from CBS decided to tape the episode, just in case Ken Venturi got lost on the course during the telecast of the Doral and they needed something to fill air time. As a result, Dan's Detachment included the likes of Announcers Jack Whitaker and Pat Summerall and Director-Producer Frank Chirkinian, who had arranged

a Calcutta pool on my score. Eight went for \$1,000. You could get four and three in a field bet for 50¢.

Eddie Pearce came off the veranda to club me, and I've been wondering ever since why anyone would let a guy who missed the cut select his clubs? At least he could've found me a driver other than Tuthill's, which must weigh about 80 pounds. I took a quick practice swing, slid into my stance and hit the ball to the right, away from the water and into the rough. I don't know how far the drive went, but Pearce told me to lay up with a four-iron. I hit the ball much too far and into the lake. If I had hit to the right just a little, it would have made the green, and I accidentally would have parred the hole. It's a good thing I didn't, because that would have loused up my story.

I dropped a provisional ball and hit a wedge that bounced on the green as if it had struck cement and went into a bunker. Whenever possible, I don't use sand irons because I can only make the ball go about three inches with them. There was no lip on the bunker, so I knew I could putt onto the green, just like back in Texas.

Luckily, Tuthill had a mallet-headed Zebra putter in his bag. I swiped at the ball—swiped at it too hard. It looked like it was going to Fort Lauderdale, or at least into the lake on the other side of the green. But the Zebra keeps the ball on line, according to Bob Rosburg. The ball smacked the stick and stopped eight inches from the cup.

I often fantasize on golf courses. As I lined up the putt for my six, I said, as if on camera, "If I make this, I will be . . . the 1976 Doral-Eastern Open winner!" I made it. And then I said, "Now back to you, Jack Whitaker."

A double bogey is not a very good score, but on the 18th at Doral on Friday my six tied Gay Brewer, Tommy Aaron, Bobby Nichols, Frank Beard and Peter Oosterhuis, among others. It's one tough hole.

Sack Meyer

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campus at hundreds of colleges and universities.



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Aged 8 Years

PHOTOGRAPHY

by WALTER BOSS JR.

HOW TO COMPETE WITH THE PROS IN CATCHING THE ACTION AT THE HOOP

The 24-second clock is running out as Mr. Mage backs toward the hoop, spins, head fakes, hits a fallaway jumper with a fingertip roll, *ver!* The crowd starts hollering Hollywood, Hollywood, and exchanges the latest cult handshakes. I congratulate myself because I got the whole move, in sequence, on film.

What makes it easier to get shots like this is to make that beautiful gift from the Far East, the Nikon F2 with motor drive. I captured Mr. Mage's moments at the NBA championships, but similar scenes are played all across America in high school and college gyms, and almost every team has its own Mr. Mage.

Basketball is fun to photograph because you can get so close to the action—so right under the basket and not out up in the emergency room. You also don't have to be related to the Rockefellers or an Arab to afford the equipment. You don't really need the expensive Nikon (the motor drive, of course, is far too costly for most amateurs;

all it takes is a 35mm camera, a lens or two, ranging in focal length from 24 to 105mm, and a credential to get on the floor.

But how do you get the credential as you can masquerade as a professional photographer? The best way (and this is the method I used when starting out) is to get in touch with the sports information director, or the head of publicity, maybe the coach, even a rich alumnus, and tell him what you would like to do. In return for the chance to photograph the game, you promise him some 8x10 prints of his boys gyrating up and down the floor. This works well on the high school and sometimes even on the small-college level.

If you're trying the big school or the pros, Plan One may not work. This is when Plan Two goes into effect. Tickets can be the answer. Not only will you get new angles to shoot from, but also a chance to spend some of your hard-earned dollars on your favorite hobby. To shoot effectively from the stands, you'll need a lens ranging from 135 to 300mm. I know what you are saying—I don't work for some famous sports magazine, and I don't want to spend all of my greenbacks on an expensive telephoto lens. You have nothing to fear. What you do is go down to the local camera shop and check out the used-lens section. Here is your chance to buy a top piece of equipment that 50 times out of 100 is as good as new. The way to make sure you don't end up in that

10'; bracket is to make it lens test. Find a lens you like, put a deposit on it, take it home, load a roll of Kodachrome 64, take a picture of your dog or anything that will give you a chance to check the lens for sharpness and color quality, get the roll developed and make your decision.

You are now ready for the big time. The best film to start with is everybody's favorite, Tri-X. I recommend that you use this black and white film, which is a little easier than color, until you get the feel of working at a game. It is also important to shoot at a high-shutter speed such as 1/500th of a second so you can freeze the action, and Tri-X, with its 400 ASA rating, will permit you to do this even in marginal light.

One of the best angles to shoot from in the stands is basket level. From there you see the players' faces rather than their chins and beards as they leap toward the ceiling. You'll also be able to watch a Jabbar gothrice feet over the rim for a rebound. There is a whole separate game being played at that altitude, and only a few see it. This is a chance to take a time picture.

Keep trying new locations. Your knowledge of the sport will increase the more time you spend photographing, and your fallaway jumper with the fingertip roll will improve. But don't get too good too soon. You wouldn't want to make Neil Leifer and Henry Klainmeier nervous. **END**

BOOKTALK

by KENT HANNON

AT LAST: A SPORTS ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR KIDS THAT DOESN'T TALK DOWN TO THEM

Reference books for children run the risk of being juvenile in the worst sense of the word, banal in language, bland in content. The *Lincoln Library of Sports Champions* (Frontier Press, \$158.95) avoids this pitfall admirably and could well rate a place on the family shelf next to the *Britannica* or the *World Book*. An offspring of the Lincoln Library series, which deals with general subjects such as social studies, language and fine arts, the *Apex* (Champion) is a first of its kind: a 15-volume source of biographical information on nearly 500 of the world's athletes, past and present, famous and not-so-famous, from Henry Aaron to Emil Zatopek.

The publishers hope that it will have a special appeal to fifth- and sixth-graders, who are slow at their books. "Surveys show that many children in this country do not like to read," says Art Berke, who was editor of the

project before becoming an assistant to Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. "We felt that if a child glanced through one of these books and read the captions under a picture of O. J. Simpson or Billie Jean King, it could be a big step toward getting that child into the world of books."

To encourage the reluctant reader to look past the United Press International news photos and into the biographies, the first paragraph of each entry tells in boldface how to pronounce the subject's name and summarizes his or her achievements. An extensive glossary in the 14th volume helps tell the young reader what the "alley oop" pass is or what is meant by a "technical knockout."

Since the biographies are nicely written and interesting to adults as well as to children, a question comes to mind: Is the set an educational tool or a general reference work?

"Probably both," says Berke, "because we didn't want to talk down to today's kids, whether they read or not, they are pretty aware of what's going on around them. We chose to discuss things like Grover Cleveland Alexander's troubles with alcohol and epilepsy, and the fact that Big Daddy Lipscomb died from an overdose of drugs. But with the young reader in mind we thought it advisable to omit pictures of automobile

crashes and the category of bullfighters."

Did you know that George Halas once played right field for the New York Yankees? A photograph of Papa Bear in pinstripes proves it. Ever see a Japanese baseball card of Sadaharu Oh? A picture of one is included. And there is a 1912 photograph of Bobby Jones standing in the middle of a pile of rocks and bottles on an empty lot in Georgia. Few will recognize it as the grass-roots of the Augusta National golf course. Thrown in a lineup of contrasting characters from Red Smith to Robyn Smith and enough rodeo cowboys, archers and flycatchers to cover more than 50 different sports, and you end up with a well-rounded reference set.

"A lot of these stories didn't come easy," says Bill Madden, a UPI sportswriter who wrote many of the bio sketches. "What we have done is condense the files of UPI, The New York Times and the best source material available on these people and put it in one place. Believe it or not, I've been stumped here at UPI many times now and had to call home and ask my wife to look up the answer in the Lincoln Library." The books, handsomely bound and abundantly illustrated, were designed by the LSI & P Design Group of New York, creator of the late NBC peacock. **END**

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. KLAMMER

FULL EMPLOYMENT

Newspapers, magazines and radio and television stations were flooded with mail after the Winter Olympics, much of it bristling with concern for American competitors. "Our amateur best are sent to win, lose or draw against a world of professional athletes," one letter protested. "Our part-time skiers and skaters compete with European counterparts who were born and raised 50 feet from giant downhill and state-run ice rinks where they ski and skate 51 weeks a year, with one week off to make cheese. . . ."

Part-time? Bill Koch, the 20-year-old cross-country skier whose accomplishments at Innsbruck were so impressive, has done almost nothing else for four years but train. "I train all the time," he says, "I don't work. My family finances me." The family of gold-medal speed skater Peter Mueller moved to suburban Milwaukee so that Mueller could be near the Olympic-sized speed-skating rink at West Allis. Mueller says it cost \$5,000 each for him and his fiancée, Leah Poulos, who won a silver medal, to train against topflight competition in Europe last fall. The mother of Dan Immerfall, a bronze-medal speed skater, says she went for \$20,000 over a 10-year period to finance her son's training. Cindy Nelson, the 20-year-old downhill skier who won a bronze, does not work, does not go to school. Figure skater Dorothy Hamill, the most publicized American gold-medal winner at Innsbruck, moved with her mother from their home in Connecticut (leaving the rest of the family there) so that Dorothy could be under the direct supervision of her coach in Denver.

Despite the famous statement to the contrary by Baron de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympics, many people feel that winning is more important than taking part and has been for a long time. Olympic athletes have learned that winning a medal, even coming close to winning a medal, requires that training become a full-time job, or almost so, in

America as in the rest of the world. For better or worse, there is little room for the dilettante athlete on the Olympic victory stand.

UP IN THE AIR

Whatever happens in baseball's tangled labor dispute, the same old clear thinking that led to it seems likely to prevail when the teams get into the season. As evidence, we offer the Minnesota Twins' schedule for the latter part of June. A 10-day home stand, during which Minnesota plays every day (or night), ends with a game against the Tigers on Sunday, the 20th, after which the Twins fly to California, where they play the Angels on Monday and Tuesday, the 21st and 22nd. Then they fly right back to Minnesota for a two-day, three-game set with the White Sox on Wednesday and Thursday. After that they get on the plane again and zip out to Oakland for three games with the A's on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Then they trudge wearily—beg pardon, fly briskly—home to play three games with the Royals on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

That wraps up June, fellas. Now in July. . . .

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

It turned out not to be so, which is a shame, but for a time rumors had it that a monthly newsletter published by the Professional Golfers Association was to be called *Preferred Lies*.

RUM RUNNER

At Florida's Derby Lane greyhound track there has been considerable confusion this season over a dog named Cílohocla. Since the dog was bred and named in Ireland, it was at first assumed that Cílohocla must surely be some lovely and secluded Irish lake, or perhaps an ancient heroine in Gaelic folklore. Then someone noticed that the truth is considerably less romantic; Cílohocla is nothing more than alcoholic spelled backward. The owners claim the dog was

bred in partnership by an Irish law officer and a man he once arrested for disorderly conduct and persuaded to join AA, of which he himself was a longtime member. Now the question is how Cílohocla should be pronounced. With a hard c, as in alcoholic, and therefore Kílohocla? But the rules of English phonetics dictate that a c before an i is always pronounced as an s, which would make it Sílohocla. (You never hear people calling themselves kitzens of Kinkinnati.) Whether Kílohocla or Sílohocla, the dog has delighted his followers by finishing in a number of quinellas, and when he loses there is always a ready explanation. To a fan tearing up losing tickets on Cílohocla after a recent race, a companion said, "What could you expect? He's not a greyhound; he's a booze hound."

KLAMMER AND THROGS

Never in the 30 years of Colorado's Roch Cup had so many spectators turned out, more than 10,000 lining the hillside above Aspen. What's more, many of them were obvious nonskiers wearing teapots and street shoes, folks who ordinarily would no more watch a downhill than they would race in one. The mob scene was typical of the sport's newest passion. They were there to watch Franz Klammer take a mountain apart. And failing that, just to watch Franz Klammer.

Naturally, Austria's Olympic hero won the race. And naturally, he won recklessly, which is his trademark. Klammer took the top section of the two-mile course a bit too easily and then had to pour it on in the final schuss, much as he did in his breakneck dash at Innsbruck, this time beating Switzerland's René Bérthold by .12 of a second. Having done the expected, Klammer seemed stunned by the adoring crowd surrounding him at the finish. Not since the days of the dashing Jean-Claude Killy has a skier so seized the public fancy. And far from being dismayed by the poor performances turned in by American skiers (our best racer came in a dismal 21st), U.S. Alpine Director Hank Tauber jubilantly declared that the lure of a star like Klammer would attract kids everywhere to the slopes. Klammer, he said, "may be the best thing that's ever happened to American ski racing."

The victory was Klammer's fifth in eight World Cup downhills this winter (not including his Olympic triumph), which locked up the title in that division.

continued

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Next year, Klammer said, he'll win them all, "but I will try to keep away from the public more so that I can keep my mind on racing." And with that, he was engulfed again.

The women also staged a downhill in Aspen. Austria's Brigitte Totschnig won and Cindy Nelson tied for fourth. After the race, the Associated Press reported, Candy's skis were stolen from the rack on her car. It figures. The cops were probably still watching Klammer.

PLAYING LEFT FIELD

Sasquatch? The Abominable Snowman? Missing Link? What was the strange ape-like creature being exhibited at animal shows around the country? New York at-



torney Michael Miller really wanted to know, so he bought the animal for \$8,000, named him Oliver and announced his acquisition to the world, or that part of it whose attention he could get. Hoax, cried the press, as it waited two months for close access to the beast. Finally, Miller introduced Oliver at his formal debut at a press conference at the New York Explorers' Club. No, it was not a publicity stunt for a new *Kong* flick. Oliver was real, all right, but a real what, no one seemed to know.

According to Miller, a laboratory examination revealed that Oliver has 47 chromosomes, one more than man, one less than apes, which could make him an ideal missing link—except that chromosomes are naturally paired in higher animals, and Oliver could well be nothing more than an aberrant chimpanzee. As a matter of fact, he looks like a chimpanzee, a bald-headed chimp with the face of a Sasquatch who has looked upon life and hasn't much liked what he's seen.

But although Oliver is just a kid, he

already stands 4½ feet tall, normal for an adult chimpanzee, and walks erect, unlike a chimp, who sort of scrambles along on hands and feet.

End of report. Oh, one last thing. Contrary to rumors, Oliver has not been signed by Bill Veeck. Not yet.

SEE NO EVIL

Some politicians, particularly those struggling with budgets, have a tendency to look upon legalized gambling as a panacea, a sure-fire means of raising money, while overlooking the problems that invariably accompany its introduction. In Maryland recently, State Senator Meyer Emmanuel introduced a bill to establish state-run gambling houses. "This is not Las Vegas," Emmanuel said of his proposal. "I'm talking about well-built, well-designed casinos with very expensive restaurants that would attract those who can afford to lose a few hundred dollars an evening."

Vigorously opposed to the bill was State Senator Julian L. Lapides. "I don't think this would create the kind of environment I want to live in," he said, declaring that legalized gambling would attract "undesirable elements."

Replied Senator Emmanuel, "I am naive enough to believe that if they are government owned and operated, you won't have those kinds of influences."

"Then you are terribly naive," said Senator Lapides.

ATTAS IS OUT

Members of Yale's women's crew were granted the locker-room facilities they wanted after they stripped in protest in the office of the women's athletic director. Now another pressing problem faces women in intercollegiate sport: the matter of nicknames. If a woman plays for Texas Christian, does she really want to be called a Horned Frog? Does she want to be a Blue Hen (Delaware), a Lord Jeff (Amherst) or a Razorback (Arkansas)?

Some colleges simply prefix the nickname with the word "Lady." Thus we are blessed with Lady Seminoles, Lady Trojans and even Lady Rams. Lady Rams? Shouldn't that be Ewes? Does a Lion become a Lioness, a Bull a Cow, a Brave a Squaw?

Of course, some schools have it easy, thanks to the language of the '70s. Orangemen are suddenly Orangewomen;

Statesmen are transformed into Stateswomen. But does this help matters at Massachusetts and Oberlin? Can there be Minutewomen and Yeowomen?

Washington & Jefferson is one school that should have little trouble making the switch. Its teams—its *women's* teams—are known as the Presidents. And their female counterparts? The First Ladies, no doubt.

LONG, COLD ROAD

The problems some colleges and high schools have in scheduling opponents pale next to those confronting Barrow High School, which is on the shore of the Arctic Ocean in Alaska. Barrow is the only high school in the North Slope Borough (equivalent to a county), which has an area of 88,284 square miles, larger than the whole state of Idaho. Its nearest rivals are in Fairbanks and Nome, each a 1,500-mile round trip, and other opponents are hundreds of miles farther away. Barrow has only 110 students, 65 of whom are on the school's basketball, cross-country, track, volleyball, wrestling, badminton and gymnastic teams. They travel 27,000 miles a year to compete and spend \$65,000 doing it; the students themselves help raise \$10,000 a year to supplement the athletic department's budget.

Athletic Director John Danner says his teams sometimes play seven opponents in eight days when they are on the road. "We may not win any state titles," says Danner, "but we are competitive, and we're proud of that."

THEY SAID IT

- Roland Carter, pole vaulter, on his first 18-foot effort: "It wasn't any more of a thrill than the first time I cleared 15 or 16 or 17 feet. I just had more time to enjoy it on the way down."
- Donna Maiello, head swim coach at Carnegie-Mellon University, on why she feeds her swimmers gumdrops as a reward for good practices: "I used to use taffy, but it took too long to chew. So did licorice. But I can take gumdrops to the side of the pool and drop them in the swimmers' mouths, and they won't miss very much practice time."
- Johnny Miller, the golfer: "I've got a Ford Pinto, a Porsche Carrera, two BMWs, a Mercedes roadster, a De Tomaso Mangusta, another Porsche, another Mercedes, a station wagon, a jeep. I guess I'm a nut about cars."

AND



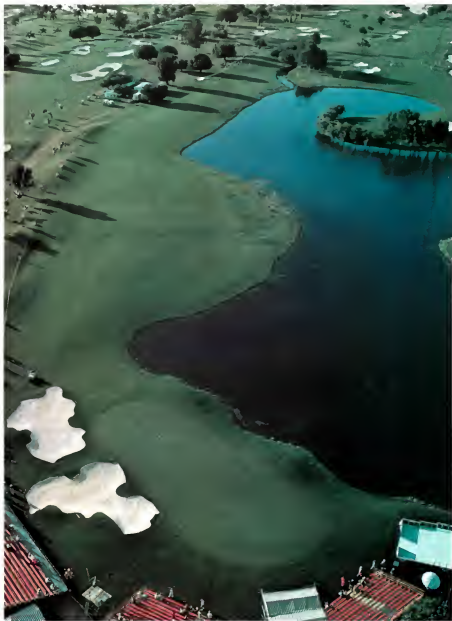
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INVITATION TO A WATERY GRAVE

As the pro tour moved to Miami last week, our fighting heroes took on what has become an annual bit of torture—namely, playing the 18th at Doral, the toughest finishing hole they see all year. It is a 437-yard par-4 that is so rugged you have to thread a needle between a lake on your left and a bogel on your right, and if you make the slightest mistake you can go in the water not once but twice. To escape with your life you have to follow Dave Hill's instructions, which are, "Hit a see ball like you're in a greenhouse and don't break any windows, and then saw a three-iron into that hard green so it will come down like a butterfly with sore feet."

The subject of tough golf holes comes up frequently on the tour, as it does throughout the sport. Golf has never reared a club member who wanted to think that his course was a pushover or who wouldn't care to argue that his 18th hole wasn't as testing and evil as Doral's, or Riviera's or Harbour Town's or Tucson National's, which are the holes most often mentioned when the pros get to talking it over.

Not that the Doral-Eastern Open was a one-hole tournament. It was a tournament like all the others, battled for most of the way by a cast of knowns, un-



Most pros agree that the 18th at Doral is a killer, the toughest finishing hole on the tour, and last week it proved just as lethal as ever—except to Hubie Green

by DAN JENKINS

knowns and forgotten-about until Hubert Green made it a one-man show on Sunday.

Green was tied with Ben Crenshaw, a fellow known, after the first round. The 36-hole leader was Mark Hayes, a quiet unknown, but then Hubert opened up a four-stroke lead on everybody after three rounds. At this point some of the challengers included those forgotten-abouts, Bobby Mitchell and Marty Fleckman. It wasn't until the final round that Jack Nicklaus (also known) became a mild factor and at one time during the afternoon drew to within three strokes of Green. Nicklaus had turned the front nine in three under par, while Hubert had just bogeyed the 8th hole, making him

one over for the round.

Nicklaus wins a lot of tournaments in Florida; to be exact, he has won an astonishing eight times there—three Disneys, two Dorals, the 1971 PGA, the 1966 PGA team championship (with Arnold Palmer) and the Tournament Players Championship three weeks ago—and it would have been nothing new had he overtaken Green. But Hubert's answer to the news on the leader boards was a shot to the par-3 9th hole that landed about a foot and a half from the cup for a kick-in birdie. He was in control.

Green can get in these putting moods were everything drops. Few players crouch any lower over the ball, and few can sink as many in a streak. On Saturday, when he shot the 65 that really put the tournament out of reach for most everyone, he birdied seven of the last 11 holes, dropping putts from all over Miami.

Green wound up winning the Doral by a cozy six strokes, and in order to accomplish this you have to do something like he did on the mean old 18th. Like birdie it the last two rounds when virtually everyone else was fighting to stay out of the lake and the mud hens and the begonias. Green closed out the tournament with a three-iron shot to the 18th that gobbled up the flag, and he rolled

continued

in about a 12-foot putt for the 69, which gave him a Doral record-breaking total of 270.

"I don't look good hitting the ball, but I can't make a living and swing pretty," he said afterward. "I may change my grip more times during the week than I change clothes. If it doesn't feel good early in the week, I'll change. I've won 10 tournaments now, counting one in Japan, but nobody thinks I'm a great player because I've never won a major championship. I agree. I'll have to win a major to be somebody besides another skinny kid from Alabama. If Johnny Miller wants to say he's a great player and ranks with Jack Nicklaus, let him say it. Johnny Miller and me are different in a lot of ways. Both of us aren't even Mormons."

When Hayes three-putted the last green, he allowed Nicklaus to tie him for second at 276, a stroke better than Crenshaw, whose fourth-place money put him over \$100,000 for the year. Mark Hayes? Well, so far this is the year for slightly mysterious people to finish second. Before Mark Hayes, we have had Howard Twitty, Roger Maltbie, Mike Morley, Larry Nelson, Rik Massengale, Don Bies and Kermit Zarley.

All through the tournament the 18th was a painful reminder to the pros that life was not always a drive, a seven-iron and a 20-foot putt. This hole alone will always make Doral a little different.

The 18th on the Blue Monster course was ordered to be exactly what it is: a monument to the game, a hole that will create conversation and perhaps even lure a tourist or two to the amazing compound that is the Doral golf resort, which is not named for a flower or some old Spanish mission but for Doris and Al Kaskel, who built it. Dor-Al, get it?

Doral is made up of a dozen or so buildings and the accent is definitely on golf. The hotel can accommodate nearly 1,500 people at a time and management says that most of them usually play the game. For their convenience, a conveyor belt takes clubs to a patio near the pro shop, foursomes are packed into electric carts and dispatched every eight minutes with assembly-line frequency.

Dick Wilson, the architect, designed the Blue Monster backward to make sure the 18th would deserve the plaque now on display to the right of the tee. It states simply: DORAL 18TH HOLE—RATED HARDEST HOLE ON PGA TOUR.

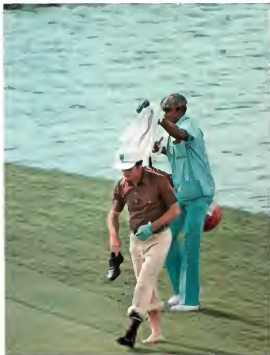
Wilson laid it out so the golfer would

normally be hitting into the prevailing wind. The artificial lake to the left of the fairway is very much in play from start to finish. You can drive into the water from the tee with just the slightest bit of hook. The second shot then, which can require anything from a three-wood to a short iron depending on the wind, must not only carry the water but also hold the green. If it slides too far left, you can catch the water again. There are bunkers to the right of the green and, obviously, too hard a bunker shot can fly the green and find the water with ease.

"The hole has everything," said Nicklaus last week, assuming his role of course designer. "What do you want your 18th hole to be? Should it be a di-

saster hole? A piece of cake? You don't want a hole that will destroy a good golfer. If you need a four, Doral's is as tough a hole as you can find. You can't play safe. You have to play well. One mistake and you might even have to play well to make a six."

The hole lived up to its reputation last week, a reputation, by the way, that was enhanced by the old IBM board that moved around on the tour for a few years, keeping up with everything from the number of Titleists that went into ravines to the number of red knit shirts worn by what pros. For three years the IBM scoreboard kept up with all the scores and proved out that Doral's 18th hole was the toughest 18th in pro golf.



Having paid his dues to the water near the 18th green, Player attempts to regain his dignity.



Contributing to Green's victory was his play at 18: a pair of pars followed by two birdies

Last week the stiff winds Doral usually gets were absent. The tournament, as a matter of fact, enjoyed the kind of sunny, warm weather Florida advertises but doesn't always deliver. If anything, the 18th played easier than it ever had, and yet a pairing hardly came along without somebody dropping a ball over his left shoulder or being forced to roll up a pants leg.

On Thursday there were 39 fellows out there who bogeyed the hole, 16 players who double-bogeyed it and four who triple-bogeyed it. Dave Hill came in and said, "You know how I play that dude? I defy it. I am right at the water on the tee and then cut it into the slot. Then I slick me a little three-iron in there that will . . ." Do that butterfly thing, he said.

"What did you make, Dave?" somebody asked.

"Same old six," he said.

On Friday, when the very mysterious young Hayes assumed the lead, the 18th played tougher, even though the pin was sitting right and middle instead of flirtatiously near the water. Fifty-eight unfortunate souls made bogey and 22 others made double bogey. No one made worse than six, but only four golfers birdied the hole.

It was even worse on Saturday, although it didn't look so difficult the way Green played it, ramming in the only birdie of the day to complete his blistering 65 and move into the four-stroke lead he had through 34 holes. But for most everyone else the hole was exquisite torture.

There were fewer golfers playing the hole after the halfway cut, but of the 72 out there 19 of them bogeyed it, nine double-bogeyed it and two triple-bogeyed it, and just that one birdie of Green's.

On Sunday the 18th drew its usual complement of atrocities. Roughly a third of the field—27 guys—bogeyed it. There were six double bogeys, including Peter Oosterhuis' third consecutive six (he hit two balls into the water). Only half-a-dozen birdies were scored on it, and Green, of course, had the main one.

Doral's 18th is more like Harbour Town's in playing quality than it is like Riviera's, although it resembles neither of those in appearance. Riviera's finishing hole is known as "Cardiac Hill." It goes up through a tunnel of trees to a natural amphitheater of a green, with the clubhouse towering over it all. At Hilton Head a lighthouse furnishes a backdrop to Harbour Town's 18th, and Calibogue Sound is right there on the golfer's left as Doral's lake is on the golfer's left, ever beckoning.

Here is how a cross section of contemporary pros rate the toughest finishing holes they regularly play on the PGA tour and what they have to say about them:

Nicklaus: "Doral, Harbour Town and Riviera, in that order. They challenge you but don't punish you unnecessarily. They reward the guy who is playing well."

Crenshaw: "Tucson National, Doral and Harbour Town. Depending on the

wind, Doral can be anything from a seven-iron to a three-wood second shot. It's a great hole."

Dave Hill: "Doral and Riviera. You shouldn't make worse than bogey at Riviera, but you can make anything at Doral. It wants to grab your tee ball, and then it wants to grab your second shot."

Ed Sneed: "Doral, Harbour Town and Tucson National, but Tucson is hard for all the wrong reasons."

Eddie Pearce: "Riviera, Doral and Harbour Town. If you're talking about trying to make a four, you've got to go with Riviera, because it's longer and uphill all the time. There might be days at Doral where you can bust a drive and hit an eight-iron in there."

Bobby Nichols: "Doral, Riviera and Firestone, naturally [he's the club pro]. I think Tucson is unfair. I think we're seeing lots of holes toughened up because of television."

Bob Murphy: "Doral, Tucson and Riviera. Doral might be easier to make four at times, but it's also easier to make six or seven, too."

Oosterhuis: "Butler National, Doral and Harbour Town. Butler is so hard we can't even use the blue tees. You would never call it great, just brutal. Doral and Harbour Town are great holes."

Pat Fitzsimons: "Tucson, Doral and Firestone. Tucson is really a tougher hole with water on both sides, but Doral is tough because the water is on the left and most of us fight a hook. Lee Trevino probably wouldn't think Doral was this hard because he fades the ball."

Gardner Dickinson: "Riviera, Doral and Tucson, but at Tucson they might just as well put up a big cement wall and tell you to hit into it."

Tom Weskopf: "Doral, Riviera, and I'd like to put Augusta in there. None of these holes are a bargain when you need a four."

Nobody could possibly surpass the bottom line on the Doral complex that was written by the Miami-Metro Department of Publicity and Tourism. The release states, "Doral, as opulent as it might be, is still a country club with a heart. So much so that not only has it raised its own ducks from eggs, but it has even stocked the lakes with bass to add the idyllic touch to its 700 acres."

Not a word about all the golf balls in the lake on the 18th with the bass. Just about everyone's but Hubert Green's, in fact.

END

THE CANADIENS SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

by J. D. REED

Make that flower—namely Guy Lafleur, the high-scoring wing who is giving league-leading Montreal visions of being garlanded as champion once more

After all, in Montreal when one puts on that red sweater, one is a Canadien.
—JEAN BELIVEAU

On the late-night Air Canada flight to Montreal, the Canadiens are celebrating a victory over the Maple Leafs with a few smuggled cartons of Molson's ale. It is a raucous time, and there is more to feel good about than just another win. The fact is, this Montreal team has begun to approach the quality of some of its famous predecessors. Having long since clinched its divisional race, it currently leads the NHL with a 51-9-10 record. At week's end the Canadiens were 10 points ahead of the Philadelphia Flyers and 15 ahead of the third-place Boston Bruins, skating toward the playoffs with that old Montreal spirit. Even though there is no Richard on the team for the first time in 32 years, and even though the Forum has a few empty seats now and then and crooner Roger Doucet sings the anthem, *O Canada*, in English as well as French, a Canadien is still a Canadien.

True, the Stanley Cup resides in Philadelphia, where Bobby Clarke & Co. would like to keep it for a third straight year. True, last season in the playoffs Montreal was knocked off its pedestal by Buffalo. Ah, but wait till this year. The Habs have a little something extra going for them.

There is Guy Lafleur, for instance. He sits amid the airborne halleluloo over Lake Ontario holding his ale bottle as though he would like a glass in which to pour it—something more civilized, if you please, than the chug-a-lugging going on around him. In his perfectly tailored, vested blue suit, with a fashionably slender attaché case under the seat, the 24-year-old Lafleur looks like a Gallic stockbroker who has been mistakenly placed between 6'5" Pete Mahovich and battle-

scarred team captain Yvan Cournoyer. But make no mistake about it, Lafleur is a hockey player, an extremely gifted wing. Last season he set a team record of 53 goals, and so far this season he has scored 45 goals and 57 assists to lead the league, with Clarke in hot pursuit.

Lafleur is a reluctant superstar. Shunning the spotlight, the interview, the after-dinner speaking tours of a player of his rank, he prefers to spend most of his free time at home with his wife Lise and his infant son Martin. He is a collector of watches—and indeed he seems to know the value of time better than most. When he lived next door to Defenseman Pierre Bouchard he would often show up at 8 a.m., rousing his protesting teammate for an 11:30 practice. "Superfleur," as he is called in Montreal, is in the dressing room two hours before games, determinedly whacking hockey sticks against a table, and breaking several, until his nerves have calmed down and he finds sticks that won't crack. "If you aren't expecting it, that sound really makes you jump," says Goalie Ken Dryden.

The son of a welder in Thurso, Quebec, a sleepy pulp-mill town, Lafleur set records by the handful as junior hockey, ending his stint in Quebec City with 130 goals in 62 games. Montreal's No. 1 draft choice in 1971, loudly hailed as the next Richard, the next Beliveau, Lafleur responded with three lackluster seasons. Even though he was the highest-paid youngster in the NHL at the time, his father-in-law, Roger Barry, part owner of the Quebec Nordiques, the WHA franchise, kept trying to get him to jump to that team.

"When I first saw him, I thought he was an average hockey player," says Lafleur's Innate Steve Shutt. "Then two years ago in Chicago he gave us a taste of what was inside that shyness. He sim-

ply deked the entire Black Hawk team—skated through them like they weren't even on the ice. Henri Richard said, 'Did you see that? No one can do that.' After that we knew it was just a matter of getting that kind of play out of him all the time."

Lafleur's early difficulties were compounded by the fact that he could safely neither the sophisticated and critical Montreal fans and sportswriters nor himself. Today the French-language Montreal papers run a Guy Lafleur story every other day, reporting every headache, every smile, and committing to history every one of his few words. But in seasons past he maintained a self-imposed silence, a reticence rarely matched outside a wax museum. "It took Guy a long time to get this thing resolved," says Beliveau, the marvelous Canadien center of 1950-71 and a childhood idol of Lafleur's. "Now he has a 10-year contract and he has settled down."

When Lafleur takes the ice these days there is a sudden transformation, from shrinking violet to *misanthrope* with cape and sword.

"Guy has all the talent in the world," says his coach, Scotty Bowman. "He skates like a genius, he's puck-hungry in the best sense and he'll go into the corners when he has to. But he's best in front of the net."

"I think the real secret of his success is his physical condition. It's amazing. We had the team tested two years back, and Lafleur was in better shape than anyone else. He practices just as hard as he plays."

Punch Imlach, the Buffalo general manager, says, "Guy has tremendous speed. He can go from one end of the rink to the other with the best in the league, and he's amazing around the net. He is the epitome of the Montreal style."

In a recent game against the Sabres in Montreal, Lafleur's special abilities became painfully obvious to Imlach and Buffalo Goaltender Gerry Desjardins. In the final 10 seconds of the second period, Cournoyer sped deep into the Sabres' zone and then was forced to throw a long back-pass. As the puck looped toward the blue line and out of play, Lafleur, astonishingly fast and agile, reached it, and while it would have been achievement enough to merely keep the puck in the zone, Lafleur managed to get off a tre-



It doesn't always take five-sixths of a hockey team to stop the sharp-shooting Lafleur (10), but in this game with the Rangers it looked that way.

menous slap shot that took the inside of the post, scoring a goal. The Forum fans exploded. "I never had a chance to move," said Desjardins later. "Anyway, it was one of those shots that I'm almost glad I didn't get a piece of. It would have hurt for a week."

So Guy Lafleur *est là*, as they say in Montreal; he's arrived, he's there. And maybe the Canadiens are, too, once again.

Somebody like Lafleur has always blossomed in Montreal to put the puck in the net. Keeping it out of the Canadian goal has been more difficult. But this year the defense is on the upswing. The steadiness of Don Awrey and a new emphasis on defensive play on the part of those offense-minded defenders, Guy Lapointe and Serge Savard, has helped.

But perhaps the most important factor in the Canadiens' sterner defense is the big man in the net. Dryden didn't perform up to his best last season after returning from a year off to play legal eagle

and prepare for the Canadian bar exams. At the moment he has a 2.00 goals-against average, which is second in the NHL only to the Islanders' Glenn Resch. For most of the season Dryden has been in the top spot.

As the Canadiens rush toward what might turn out to be a date with Philadelphia in the Stanley Cup finals, Dryden is preparing his brief on the Broad Street Bullies. "Philadelphia has been able to intimidate us without intimidating us," he says. "We'd seem to be playing our game against them, but really we were not."

"This year I think Philadelphia is going to have to learn how to lose. It will be a very difficult lesson for them, and I hope it doesn't destroy their spirit."

Yep, uh-huh. That isn't quite the way things have been going so far. The Flyers have won two, lost one and tied one of their games with Montreal, and last week were on a 20-game undefeated streak. Let's just say Montreal has a re-

invigorated spirit of its own, and any postseason showdown with the Flyers would be worth going quite a distance to see.

Showing in Montreal these days is a children's adventure film called *The Mystery of the \$1,000,000 Hockey Puck*, in which jewel thieves plot to smuggle diamonds into the U.S. in a Canadian puck. Two kids overhear the plan and, in footage using real Montreal players and team broadcaster Danny Gallivan, foil the scheme. As a reward the youngsters are taken to the Montreal dressing room, and each is given one of those sacred red sweaters.

In such moments one can't help thinking there is more to the Canadiens' comeback toward hockey supremacy than Lafleur's shooting eye or Dryden's saves. Can the Canadiens foil the wicked Flyers of Philadelphia this spring? Only *le bon Dieu* knows for sure, and He is leaking nothing to the papers, in French or English.

END

MAKING SURE OF A SURE THING

Heavily favored Iowa, led by 150-pounder Chuck Yagla, who was named the tournament's outstanding wrestler, did even better than predicted in winning its second straight NCAA championship **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Going to the NCAA wrestling championships last week to see which of the 112 teams would win was like sticking a paper clip into a wall socket to learn if the power company is awake and on the job. You are pretty sure of the answer in advance.

Which made it appropriate that the tournament was held at the University of Arizona in predictable Tucson, where sunny weather is almost a certainty (3,800 hours a year, more than any other resort city in the U.S.), where it is very likely that the pancakes will taste a little like tacos, where it is a good bet that mariachi music will fill the air and olive trees will fill the yards and, most of all, where it was nearly a sure thing that the University of Iowa was going to sweep down from the northlands and mop up all those other mat rats who fancy themselves to be quick of move and strong of body.

As it turned out, just about the only unpredictable thing that occurred in Tucson was the way the Hawkeyes won their national title. Iowa exceeded the fondest expectations of its most optimistic supporters by scoring a tournament-record 123.25 points, 37.5 more than runner-up Iowa State and almost twice as many as third-place Oklahoma State. And the Hawkeyes not only took home the team trophy, they also clearly established themselves as a certified power in a sport heretofore considered the exclusive property of Oklahoma State (28 NCAA titles), Oklahoma (6) and Iowa State (6). Iowa, a member of the Big Ten, had won the NCAA championship last year. Its victory this time around made it the first school from outside the Big

Eight to win the title more than once. "All you can ever do is play the cards you're dealt," Iowa Coach Gary Kurlmeier said with solemnity a few days before the meet, "but I must say we've got a good hand." Indeed, Kurlmeier held all the trumps and all the aces, while the other teams were stuck with the Old Maid. When it was over the Hawkeyes had three individual champions, one second-place finisher, two thirds and a fifth.

Leading the Hawkeye assault was 150-pound Chuck Yagla, a champion for the second year in a row and the tournament's outstanding wrestler. Lounging around a motel pool under a canopy of orange trees, Yagla explained why he

does so well, "I feel like God is watching, and I want to impress Him." God had to be mighty impressed with Yagla in the finals as he manhandled his nemesis, Pete Galea of Iowa State. Galea, who repeatedly told himself before the match, "Now don't get so nervous you do something dumb," did not wrestle stupidly; he simply was overwhelmed by Yagla's strength, speed and desire.

After two scoreless periods punctuated only by spectator yawns, Yagla pulled off a reverse for two points early in the last period. With 31 seconds left in the eight-minute match, he got a near pin and two more points. A point for tying time made his margin of victory 5-0.



PHOTOGRAPH BY AL SATTERWHITE

Yagla's wife Darlyne said her husband followed his usual pattern for success: "He prays he'll do his best, I pray he'll do his best, and it turns out that his best is the best." Are your eyes filled with tears of joy? "Oh, no. I just looked at Pete, and I felt so sorry for him I could've cried."

If Iowa's wrestlers had similar compassion for the opposition, it was not apparent. In the 142-pound finals, Brad Smith turned his opponent, Gene Costello of Slippery Rock, every which way—and occasionally loose just for the sport of it—in an easy 12-4 victory. The Hawkeyes' third title went to 177-pound junior Chris Campbell, who outmuscled Mark Johnson of Michigan 9-4. When Campbell was a freshman, he would storm onto the mat, his eyes red and crossed. Now he wrestles far more conservatively and can fiddle away long stretches of a match, then make a timely move and win. In the semifinals he

looked like a goner until he scored a take-down with 12 seconds remaining to pull out a 5-4 triumph. His final match was always in hand.

So, Chris, is it all worth it? "No. This sport has made me emotionally unstable for three years, but at least I can say I did it," he said. Campbell, the only underclassman among Iowa's individual champions, did not enjoy his victory for long. No sooner had he left the mat than he began worrying about the upcoming Olympic trials. In his fretful way, he has figured out that if he tries out for the Olympics and fails, he will be plagued by instability for another four years, until he has another chance to make an Olympic team.

Campbell's thoughts suddenly drifted off and he brightened. "Do you know that just before I left home to come here, I found a girl friend who has a car and a color television!" he said. "It took me a long while, but there's something that was worth the trouble. That's a hard combination to find."

Iowa's fourth finalist was Dan Wagemann at 167 pounds. Like Yagla, he thinks it is important to have God in his corner. Since he aspires to become a movie stuntman, Wagemann may need divine help for a long time to come, and to that end he carries a Biblical quotation in his pocket that he considers appropriate for wrestlers and others who derive satisfaction from training and sweating and torturing their bodies. It says, "They shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

It was almost a miracle that Wagemann did not faint during a bruising 9-7 loss to Wisconsin's Pat Christenson that confirmed his mother's worst fears. "I wish so much he would win," she said. "He has been second so many times." Still, finishing as a runner-up was quite an accomplishment for Wagemann. He has made a long hike back from a couple of years ago when, he admits, "I did all the drugs. I'd come to practice really blitzed after drinks' whiskey and smokin' marijuana." It was then that Kurdelmeier excused Wagemann from the wrestling program until he could put himself together.

Iowa's third-place finishers were 134-pound Tim Cysewski, who wrestled back from a discouraging early loss, and 190-

pound Bud Palmer. Heavyweight Doug Benschoter, a football player by scholarship, got a fifth. He came out for wrestling in midseason when Kurdelmeier found himself without a heavyweight.

But while good things seemed to happen to Iowa every time one of its wrestlers set foot on one of the \$4,000 mats, Iowa State was star-crossed. Perhaps the Cyclones, who had been expected to seriously challenge Iowa, should have known they were in trouble when they arrived in normally warm Tucson in the midst of a momentary snowstorm.

All three of State's finalists—Galea, 118-pounder Johnnie Jones and Frank Santana at 190—lost. Galea obviously was running in tough company, and Santana, who lost an overtime decision to Minnesota's Evan Johnson, has been troubled by an ailing knee.

But Jones, who was nearly upset in several earlier rounds, was tucked away firmly by unseeded Mark DiGirolamo of California Poly at San Luis Obispo. Jones has been fighting to keep his weight all season and is another member of the God Squad. One of his favorite passages from the Scriptures is, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." Says Jones, "The Lord has perfected my weight a lot of times and delivered me from some narrow escapes at weigh-ins." Running miles in heavy sweat clothes may have helped, too.

Despite his defeat, Jones was exuberant over the prospect of a full load of strawberry-cheesecake ice cream to celebrate the end of the season. "Praise God, and hallelujah! I'm already getting ready for next year," he said as he headed for the dessert counter.

Even readier for next season may be Wisconsin, which posted a surprising showing with three national champions—Jack Reinwand (126 pounds), Lee Kemp (158) and Christenson (167)—and finished fourth in team scoring. The other winners were Lehigh's 134-pound Mike Frick, a repeater from last year, and Oklahoma's heavyweight, Jimmy Jackson.

At a party after the Iowa victory, Kurdelmeier was, as expected, thrown into the pool. So, of course, was the assistant coach of Olympic gold medal fame, Dan Gable. Then, naturally, the team members began throwing each other in the pool. It was a fitting close for a Hawkeye season in which they lived up to—or exceeded—every prediction.

END



A pin of Ce's Neel Dorow was one of three Yagla scored en route to another NCAA title

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO PHILADELPHIA

Indiana must get by rugged Alabama and, probably, classy Marquette, to reach the NCAA semifinals, where UCLA and Rutgers may be lurking

by BARRY McDERMOTT

March snows are bitter. A blizzard in November is met with a stoic shrug, but late spring flurries carve frowns. This is best understood by the college basketball coaches still clutching their chalkboards as was obvious when the NCAA tournament began last week. Defeat is different now, because in March there ain't no sunshine when you're gone. And no practice tomorrow.

And for Indiana there seems no justice. Here is a team that has beaten everybody from Joe Palooka to Ivan the Terrible, admittedly sometimes with a prayer, but more often with a machine gun, outfighting and outthinking all comers, and yet, like Rodney What's His Name, the Hoosiers don't get no respect.

Despite an undefeated record, a couple of All-Americans, a coach who acts as if he knows all the answers, the Hoosiers' chances are only as good as campaign promises. Even Robert De Niro's taxicab would have trouble negotiating the road Indiana must travel, for it finds itself in a regional where its opponents have a combined won-lost record of 74-7. And two of them—Alabama and Marquette—are the kind of team you'd expect to meet in the finals. The regional is aptly named the Midwest, for there is always all sorts of trouble for the undefeated. Henry Klasinger couldn't keep the peace in Baton Rouge this week.

Adding to the drama, the survivors still dribbling at other regional sites in Greensboro, Louisville and Los Angeles include a veritable phalanx of challengers. There is undefeated yet lightly regarded Rutgers, second banana to Indiana most of the year; a man with more wins than any other active college coach,

Ray Meyer of DePaul; UCLA, the defending champion, which everyone knows has a score to settle and the talent to do it; a Nevada-Las Vegas club that will set a national scoring record this season; Michigan, the team that gave Indiana its biggest scare of the year; and several others with Cinderella on their minds and title in their eyes. By the time it winds up in a Bicentennial explosion in Philadelphia next week, it will have been a tournament to remember.

Indiana peaked around the end of November when it made UCLA look like its initials were on backwards. In mid-season it struggled through a series of games with the anxiety of the lead man on a minefield sweep, but at the end the club was back on target. In the opening playoff round last week, it befuddled St. John's in an easy victory that hardly caused Coach Bobby Knight to leave his seat, much less throw it.

After Knight held a team meeting last month that extolled the virtue of positive thinking, his club came out running and left footprints, and eggs, on everyone's face. The Hoosiers beat their last four Big Ten opponents by an average of 23 points and coasted to their fourth straight league title. The fast-break strategy neutralized the nettlesome zone defenses opponents had been throwing at them, and effectively hid whatever weaknesses the club has shooting from the perimeter. It proved that Indiana has the characteristic necessary to all great teams: adaptability. That defense does not hurt, either.

But the Indiana players remain enigmas. They win games with flair and then talk about them in sign language. So far



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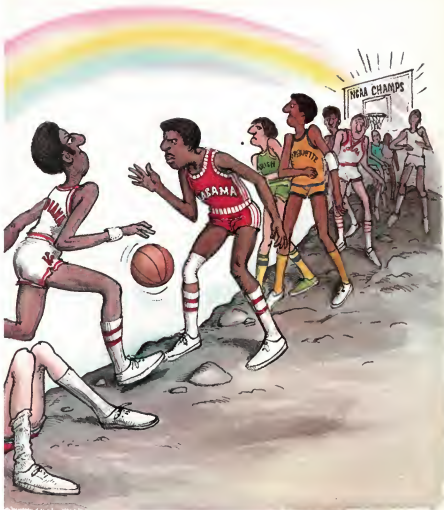


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL RAMUS

as we know, not one of the Hoosiers smokes grass or eats dried fruit, or vice versa; not one dares to snap back at the coach; no one needs a haircut or wears platform shoes or drives a limousine; no one knows Totie Fields; and no one lives on the beach in Malibu. Of the 16 remaining NCAA teams, Indiana is the kid down the street who shows up every Sunday morning with shoes shined, hair slicked down and a tie pinching his neck. And the kid knows that if he does something wrong like stepping in a mud puddle, he is going to get a whippin' from his papa. This is a team that is supposed to win, and sometimes that alone can be the killer.

The club's chief challengers this week, Alabama and almost certainly Marquette, are in sharp contrast. Alabama's C. M. Newton is so low-key that it may not be a coincidence that he once coached at Transylvania. A few more victories and the NCAA will investigate his heartbeat. Marquette, meanwhile, has "juv-tal-kin'" Al McGuire, a man that even Sammy Davis Jr. could not interpret. Al likes to say he just pushes the buttons, but we all know the Warriors are well coached.

If you believe that Indiana will be too wound up to run down, then consider the cold fact that history disagrees. Unbeaten UCLA teams won the NCAA crown four times, but only two other clubs—San Francisco (1956) and North Carolina (1957)—ever entered the tournament undefeated and exited with the championship. Indiana is one that didn't. Last year the Hoosiers also were undefeated, although in the NCAA they had an excuse, specifically the cast on Scott May's broken arm.

This year Marquette figured to be the Hoosiers' major hurdle in regional play, but that was before Alabama mauled North Carolina last weekend. The Tar Heels' coach, Dean Smith, will be excused if he takes the entire Crimson Tide team with him to the Olympics, with Newton as his assistant.

Anybody named C. M. who smokes a pipe, wears brown on brown and talks with a shrug tends to go unnoticed. So let's look at what he has done: Newton has taken a club that was the crumbs on the Southeastern Conference's dinner table and won 22 games each of the last four regular seasons. He is a disciple of

Adolph Rupp, having played for him and coached in Lexington. "There's a lot of Rupp in me," he admits. Both in meticulous organization and results. The Crimson Tide has won or shared the league title three straight years and lost only 13 games over that span. "We can line up with anyone in the country," says Newton. He has a big team that plays bigger and, better yet, plays quick. At the end of the regular season the Tide shed the "choke" label that has hung around its neck. It came from behind to win four of its last five games, and all told won 13 games in which it trailed in the final 10 minutes.

Newton uses an all-black lineup that is strong and can shoot. It relies on its inside game and a rough and raw defense. Leon Douglas thinks he is the best center in the country and was so young (17) when he started playing at "Bama his teammates called him "Grandpa." He took Carolina's vaunted big men and did everything but pock them up, turn them upside down and shake them.

Gramps has help in the corners from 6'6" freshman Reginald King and 6'8" Rickey Brown, a player with a shot that has the feel of suede. In the backcourt, Anthony Murray has earned a reputation as the SEC's best defensive guard, and his running mate, T. R. Dunn, might be second best. Murray stayed awake all night on the eve of the Carolina game, thinking about stopping Phil Ford. "I just laid there listening to the wind," said Murray. Besides Murray, Ford was bothered by a bad ankle and scored only two points.

One final note of concern for Indiana. Baton Rouge is only a four-hour drive from the Alabama state line. LSU coach Dale Brown has been urging the Hoosiers "to support the SEC champion" in the regional. The Hoosiers will be in hostile territory.

And then comes Marquette in the regional finals on Saturday. Probably, first Marquette has to beat Western Michigan, but one kiss from Bo Ellis or Jerome Whitehead and this prince will surely turn back into a frog. Western Michigan has a reputation as a good passing team, but Marquette will make them a passing fancy. McGuire's coaching philosophy can be summed up by recounting his instructions when the club fell behind Western Kentucky last week.

"I told them to jump," said McGuire.

In a sport that is littered with coaches who act as if they want guns on their hips and bullwhips in their hands, McGuire is an anomaly. The joke is that he attends practice less than Johnny Carson appears on *The Tonight Show*. And he lets his players say their piece. In several games, Guard Lloyd Walton and McGuire have disagreed loudly over strategy. Says Walton, "The nice thing is, when he yells, you can yell back. He gives you that freedom. Of course, when he says shut up, I shut up. He's the boss."

Its coach's flashy rhetoric tends to obscure the fact that Marquette has won 22 straight, including late-season victories on the road at Louisville, Notre Dame and South Carolina, even though Ellis was slumping. "He's an unselfish guy, but he's not playing like the Bo of old," says Walton. It may be that everyone else is playing better. Pro scouts say the Warriors have six sure prospects, which is about par for the course. And this season marked one of the few times in recent years that McGuire did not lose a player to the bigs via the hardship draft.

At Marquette, everybody either wants to be a pro or a comedian. Kevin Byrne, the team's Sports Information Director, was asked how Ellis acquired the nickname "Secretariat of College Forwards." Replied Byrne, "Al asked him how many classes he was taking. Bo stomped his foot three times." If Ellis stomps up and down the court like the Bo of old, Marquette could be the NCAA champ. And McGuire can take his routine on the Playboy Club circuit.

Out West, Pepperdine has a center from Brazil, Las Vegas has comedian Totie Fields setting its training table and Arizona has rugged Bob Elliott, but UCLA has something much better: its home court. Various estimates put Pauley Pavilion's worth at between 30 and 15 points. Says Pepperdine's Gary Colson, "We've got 500 seats in the rafters. They've got about 13,000."

If Pepperdine is to avoid an early return to the beachfront community of Malibu, it needs big games from 6'10" Marcos Leite and 6'6" Ollie Matson Jr. Leite was the second leading scorer in the 1972 Olympics while playing for Brazil and is shooting 70% from the floor. Mat-

continued



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son is the son of the Pro Football Hall of Fame running back.

Unless UCLA reverts to its disconcerting habit of reading its mail, lying in the sun, thinking about Hollywood or whatever it is that bedevils the Bruins at times, it should meet Las Vegas in the West's finals. And that will be like Gary Cooper going up against John Wayne.

Guns will be smokin'. Vegas' shuttle offense should wear down Arizona, but the Rebels will have no such advantage against UCLA. The Bruins are a team that is willing to dance to the music, but most of the year the opposition has tried to waltz, not boogie. With Vegas, which has averaged 110 points and gone over 100 more than 20 times this year, the game will be basketball.

UCLA finally seems to have found its identity, with freshman David Greenwood now comfortable at center and the confusion at guard straightened out. Says renowned prognosticator and TV commentator John Wooden, "They're better now than they were a year ago."

Las Vegas is counting on its valet service. The Rebels give you the dry clean and press on defense. "We'd press even if we were playing the Girl Scouts," says Coach Jerry Tarkanian.

At Greensboro, Rutgers faces the same sort of competition it has all year. The East is easily the weakest regional, with DePaul, VMI and Connecticut joining the undefeated Scarlet Knights. The others ought to stay home and watch the Midwest on television.

DePaul is the most underrated. Because the club lost eight times this year, the school's publicity staff revved up a campaign to get the Blue Demons an invitation to the NCAA, pointing out that they played 10 times against teams rated in the top 20, and won six. Sophomore Dave Corzine is one of the reasons, although sometimes he seems overinvolved with his coiffure. Early in the season Corzine fretted that fans were ridiculing his fluffy hairdo, so teammate Ron Norwood cut it for him. When Ray Meyer started coaching 529 victories ago, he never had this problem.

VMI is in the regional on a pass. It beat Tennessee in the opening round because the Vols' star, Bernard King, was sidelined with a dislocated thumb. It is one of the few times that VMI has seen a pass. Says Guard Ron Carter,

"We always shoot from the outside."

No one knows anything about Connecticut except that it beat Hofstra, which no one knew anything about, either. Coach Dee Rowe relies on his team's "rat defense," big points from Guards Joey Whelton and Al Weston and a caress. "I put 'em on the rear and give 'em love," he says. Against Rutgers, they'll need more than love. Rutgers should beat whichever club it faces in the finals, if for no other reason than that Hellis Copeland, the team's sophomore forward, is shooting well again.

Rutgers suffered through its Dog Day Afternoon last week when Princeton's Peter Molloy threw away a chance at a life of leisure on Wall Street by missing the front end of a bonus free-throw situation with four seconds left. Rutgers escaped with a one-point victory, and now should move on to Philadelphia, still unloved and chanting, "Woe is me."

Any one of four teams could come out of the Midwest at Louisville. And each of them is heavy on what they consider superstars. Michigan has Ricky Green, Notre Dame has Adrian Dantley, Missouri has Willie Smith and Texas Tech has Rick Bullock. With the exception of Dantley, none of them had good games in the opening round. Dantley never has a bad game.

On sentiment, pick Notre Dame to win the regional. It would be nice to think that Dantley could have a chance to earn his NCAA championship degree. On talent, take Michigan, even if it has played two straight shaky games. The Wolverines were young at the season's opening, with freshman Center Phil Hubbard and junior college transfer Green, but Coach Johnny Orr thinks they are a better team now than the one that almost upset UCLA in the NCAA last year. In any event, the winner of the Notre Dame-Michigan game should beat Missouri or Texas Tech.

So what we have now is a tournament within a tournament. The Midwest is that strong. And Indiana must be ruminating about just what it has to do to win the NCAA. Last year someone broke Scott May's arm; this year everyone wants to break Indiana's heart. First Alabama, then Marquette, then UCLA or Las Vegas, and finally Rutgers, Michigan or Notre Dame. That is not snow. That's a blizzard.

END

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“What makes America work?...profits.



*by Irving S. Shapiro,
Chairman,
E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co*

Profits are inevitably and inseparably bound up with jobs. They are the twin energy sources of American life as we have built it and hoped it to be. Together, they shape its future. The strength of one is the other's, too—and so is the weakness.

The greatest continuing problem we have in this country today is unemployment. Its degrading and devastating effects touch everything in our society,

and can only be turned around by the creation of new jobs. And these flow naturally from adequate profits.

But the word “profits” has become a code word for surprisingly many people. Like other code words, this one triggers feelings and responses that reflect only misleading fragments of the whole truth, feelings, for instance, about the overreaching and excess of business, about corporate profiteering at the expense of the consumer.

There are other misconceptions. Even though the great majority of Americans agree that a fair profit is essential to a healthy economy, recent studies show that almost half the adult public believes that net profit in the average business is between 20 and 30 cents on each dollar of sales.

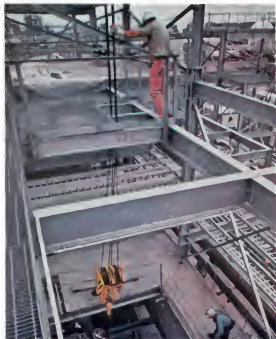
The fact is that profits average about five cents on the dollar and have been dropping for the past ten years.

Sadly enough, businessmen themselves sometimes contribute to the poor quality of public understanding. Press releases, for example, occasionally deliver pronouncements like “the company's earnings are up 35% over the comparable quarter last year”—without disclosing that earnings at that time may have been close to zero. This sort of pumped-up salute to nothing is bad for everyone's business.

Obviously the truth about profits must be told in ways that convey their real importance—not just for now, but for the future. The truth is that plants are not being built across this country today because of greatly inflated costs and because the rate of profits in industry is too low to support the necessary capital investment. The combination of these factors means quite literally that many thousands of jobs are not being created.

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should establish the making of jobs as a top national goal. If this means a re-ordering of priorities and some adjustment of the tax laws, so be it. We must do away with basic unemployment and provide rewarding work for young men and women coming out of the schools into the world.

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involved.**



The family that plays together: standing, Jeff, Doug, Pam, John; sitting, George, Tracy, Jeanne.

FOR THE AUSTINS, IT'S 'TENNIS EVERYONE'

A lot of balls have swished over the net since Jeanne and George Austin took up the game 17 years ago. Now the family has won some 400 tournaments, including nine national championships

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Pam Austin, 26, says: "When I was 13 all the girls gave me palomino replicas for my birthday. You know, plastic. Everybody was horse crazy, so this was a big deal. I didn't care. It was like giving a can of tennis balls to a girl who hates tennis. Can you imagine my kid sister getting a present of plastic horses? She'd go nuts."

Doug Austin, 22, says, "I was the first one to go natural with the haircut. It was in high school. When the others went for it, my mother said she would just give up. She hated it. But now I guess it's O.K. The kid sister is the only one left with straight hair."

Jeff Austin, 24, says, "Once I was in Germany, playing an exhibition. Karlsruhe, I think it was. I was really impressed with myself, when this little girl came up after the match. I thought she wanted an autograph, but what she really wanted to know was if I was related to the kid sister. The whole thing is getting ridiculous."

George Austin, 54, says, "The cutest thing was when she was nine, and she would beat the best women in the club. Then she would go play in the sandbox."

In order to become a phenomenal success as a woman tennis player, it is not really necessary to start out in Southern California by winning the Sandy Beach Two and Unders at the age of eight months in front of your disgustingly fresh and beautifully tanned tennis-playing family of 53 brothers and sisters. Witness our current American champion, Chris Evert, who strayed from this pattern: she started out in Florida.

Still, it certainly helps to have older brothers and sisters who play the game

and set standards for you to emulate. And it doesn't hurt if they are willing to hang around at their particular level waiting for you to whip them on the way to championships.

James Scott Connors often acknowledges that a desire to surpass his brother John's efforts on the court was one of his own early inducements. Sibling rivalries have been part of the international tennis scene for years. Currently the Amritraj brothers of India are the best known, but right here at home we have the brothers Mayer of New Jersey, Sandy and Gene, and the Gottfrieds of Florida, Brian and Larry. Then, too, there is Harold Solomon, probably the most improved player in the world this year, whose sister Shelly is ranked No. 1 in the national girls' 12-and-under. The Redmonds of National City, Calif., Walter and Marita, and the Louises of San Francisco, Marice, Marna and Mareen, are youthful members of other families with impressive tennis bloodlines.

But surely the most impressive tennis family of all bails from 26406 Dunwood Road in Rolling Hills Estates, Calif. In just about 10 years the Austins of Rolling Hills have accumulated more than 400 tournament victories in local, state, national and international competition, including a remarkable nine USTA national championships.

Pam, the eldest, is a former member of the U.S. junior Wightman Cup team and was the national hard-court doubles champion in 1968. She played three years on the Virginia Slams tour and two seasons with the Phoenix (nee Denver) Racquets of World Team Tennis. At present she is an assistant teaching pro at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Jeff won the Southern California doubles championships in the 14, 16 and 18 age groups. He won the Orange Bowl doubles title with Guillermo Vilas in 1967 and played on the U.S. Junior Davis Cup team for three years. An All-America at UCLA from 1971 to 1973, he was a member of two NCAA championship teams and won the national hard-court title at Aptos, Calif. after his senior year. He also has played for Denver-Phoenix of WTT and was ranked 26th among USTA men in 1974.

Doug won the Los Angeles Metropolitan boys' championship in 1970 and the California Interscholastic Federation doubles title in 1972. He is now a college junior and is the No. 2 man at Long Beach State.

John, 18, was the California boys' champion in 1973 and won the national boys' indoor doubles in 1974. He was runner-up to top-ranked Howard Schoenfeld in both the national and Southern California 18-and-under championships last summer and is a freshman on the UCLA tennis team.

These credentials notwithstanding, the last of the Austins is the \$6 Million Austin. Tracy, the "kid sister," is going to turn out to be the best. She says, "I'm fifth ranked in this family. Used to be seventh, but I'm movin' up. I got a chance to be fourth if I can pass Pam. That's about as high as I can go. Maybe."

Outside the family, however, Tracy has fared much better. Just 13 last December and checking in at 57 inches and 75 pounds, Tracy is already ranked No. 1 in the national girls' 14-and-under division. En route she won the Los Angeles 10-and-under championship, the U.S. public parks' 12-and-under three differ-

continued

ent years, the national 12-and-under singles and doubles, the U.S. 12-and-under indoor singles and doubles (at 10), the U.S. 14-and-under indoor singles twice and the national 14-and-under singles championship.

Now Tracy will have to decide between playing in 14-and-under tournaments or taking a shot at the 16s.

Last summer, skipping the 12s, she blazed her way through the national 14s at Shreveport, La., crushing everyone she met. Then she entered the 16s in Charleston, W. Va. and, playing against girls as much as four years older, not to mention a lot bigger, she reached the third round, where she was beaten 7-5 in the third set. Typical of Tracy's competitive zeal, immediately after experiencing this rarest of traumas, she telephoned her father and wailed, "I can't stand it, Dad. I'm so sick of losing."

But when was the last time she lost to any girl in her own age group? "I think it was 1970," she says.

To make certain we are not dealing with some *nouveau* tennis *riche* here, it is only necessary to point out that Tracy Austin was on the cover of *World Tennis* magazine at age four. Pictures of her budding court form were published in *The Times* of London when she was three. And Vic Braden, the noted California teaching pro, says he was rolling a ball inside her carriage when she was eight months old. "Back then she sliced the backhand," says Braden.

Usually such exploitation would produce a hard-bitten, egotistical, spoiled brat. However, Jeanne Austin has carefully supervised her daughter's upbringing. "I trust what Mrs. Austin is doing," says Robert Landsberg, Tracy's tennis instructor and the head pro at the Jack Kramer Tennis Club in Rolling Hills Estates. "She's had experience in knowing the sensitive areas and what to do and say. When a kid loves the game, the kid can be pushed. But Jeanne doesn't force the wrong kind of pressure on her kids. She never gives that much importance to victories or being ranked. Tracy wants to be a champion not for her family, but for Tracy."

Braden, who taught the other Austin children at the same time he was founding and developing the Kramer club in the 1960s, concurs. "I was concerned about Tracy's breadth early on," he says. "We tried to get her to play with dolls, but she'd say no—she just wanted to hit

the tennis ball. Now that single-mindedness seems to have passed. I've always believed a young player doesn't burn herself out; the people around her burn out the youngster. Jeanne has stressed to Tracy that victories are fine, but if she stays a young lady, polite and kind, she'll always be a champion."

In 1974 at the 12-and-under girls' nationals Tracy was voted "most popular" by her peers, a noteworthy achievement, her brother Jeff points out, "after she absolutely kicked everybody's behinds, love and love."

Like Doug, whose primary interest is architectural contracting, and Pam, who led the Virginia Slims tour only in shopping for clothes and attendance at parties, Tracy has learned to keep tennis in perspective. Her mother says Tracy would "throw up" just to win a single point. But in a recent conversation supposedly devoted exclusively to tennis, when Tracy was asked what she would like to do most of all, she said she would like to go to Disneyland.

That the Austins have become tennis' outstanding family is something of a shock to the progenitor, George, a retired Air Force lieutenant colonel who is now a nuclear physicist for TRW Inc., an aerospace engineering firm. He met Jeanne while both were at UCLA. After their marriage, they bounced around Air Force bases—Massachusetts, Colorado, New Mexico, New Jersey—before settling in Rolling Hills in 1955.

Jeanne, whose one link to tennis was a brother who had played at USC and had a national ranking, took up the game as a form of exercise following the birth of their fourth child. Soon husband and wife were dragging playpens down to the local high school courts so they could hit and baby-sit at the same time.

Jeanne Austin became quite good, and in 1961 was ranked 25th in the Southern California women's division. Along the way she met Braden, began playing in mixed doubles tournaments and gave birth to Tracy. While Mom and Dad played tennis, the older kids amused themselves in a field nearby—Doug built forts in the dirt and Tracy slept in the back of the station wagon. Pam remembers those days as "every tournament a different fort."

In 1963 Braden became the pro at the new Kramer club. Jeanne Austin worked in the shop and found time to design her own line of dresses so she could finance

lessons for the children. Pam was skinny, wore glasses and grew by leaps and bounds (she recently stopped at about 6 feet even). Until she was 14 or so, Pam did not win at all. In the semifinals of the women's club championship she was beaten by her own mother. Pam says it was "so serious, it was awful." And Jeanne never played a tournament singles match again. "There was this strange, intense competition with my own daughter," she says. "I didn't like the feeling."

But wondrous obstacles kept popping up to prevent Pam from quitting tennis. She would see a picture of Roy Emerson or somebody, and dream. She would read about the tour buses in Monte Carlo or somewhere, and dream some more. After a year at UCLA a South African persuaded Pam to try the tour in his country. She quit school, flew to Johannesburg and has been hooked ever since, hitting tennis balls and setting world trencherwoman records throughout both hemispheres.

The differences between Pam's and Jeff's attitude to tennis is summed up best by their letters home. Pam talked about Westminster Abbey and funny rickshaws. Jeff wrote things like, "At 5-2, 40-30, I served to the guy's backhand and nailed him."

Jeff Austin was always short: at 5'10" he is still the shrimp of the Austin gang, not counting Tracy. As a result, he worked harder than anybody. At the Kramer club there were three or four kids of equal ability who played round robins with Jeff. He says his driving force was an absolute refusal to accept defeat. Now Jeff is the only one left from this crew playing competitive tennis.

Jeff's ultimate goal was to make the UCLA team, no more. Especially after everyone said he couldn't do it. During his college years he played on teams with Jimmy Connors, Jeff Borowiak, Haroon Rahim, Lito Alvarez and the Kreis brothers—not exactly a flock of turkeys. He got better and better. Though Jeff went to UCLA as a pre-dental student, he came out a tennis player. Inevitably, the headlines read: AUSTIN CUTS TEETH ON UCLA CIRCUS.

In 1971 Jeff lost five matches in a row after holding match point in each against the likes of Clark Graebner and Pancho Gonzales. He says it was "outrageous." Then he had Solomon 5-3 in the third set, but lost the next game and fell behind 15-40 on serve. Finally he came

through, winning four straight points and the match. "I used to pack my bags mentally before playing against the older pros," he says. "Now a lot of young guys I used to beat are beating the big names. That helps my confidence."

Last season Jeff slumped to a USTA men's ranking of 38th. Still, he says, "I don't know how I put in all these hours on the court, but I love playing and traveling. I make good money and have a good time. I'd do it for free. Be a bum for a couple of years. I can't imagine doing anything else."

The Austin boys' resemblance to one another is striking. One of Jeff's friends spotted an Austin walking by the UCLA courts the other day. "Hey, you look just like your brother," he said.

"Which one?" the Austin said.

"Jeff," the friend said.

"I am Jeff," Jeff said.

Another time Jeff was walking on campus and was mistaken for John. "I'm not John," he said.

"Oh I didn't recognize you without your beard, Doug," came the answer.

The hirsute Doug is the un-UCLA Austin. He is the bearded Long Beach State Austin, the maverick. His mother calls Doug "a funny kid, he always played tennis just hard enough to get by."

Following in Jeff's footsteps, Doug was always ranked in the Southern California top 10 in his age group and he led the tennis team at Rolling Hills High. Rejecting the inevitable comparisons with his brother, he avoided entering the nationals on those occasions when Jeff was playing. Also, rather than stay home, he went to Brigham Young on a scholarship, but the stringent Mormon atmosphere did not appeal to him, and he switched to Long Beach.

Doug is the prototype baseline player in tennis, the artist, the individualist of the family. He is creative—he designs cabinets and rolltop desks—at peace with himself. No. 1 at Long Beach is as far as Doug wants to go in tennis. "I tell John if he ever makes No. 1 at UCLA, maybe he'll get to play me," he says.

Younger brother John has set himself a tough task on the defending NCAA champion UCLA team, but he made giant strides in his last years in high school after a sad, slow start in which he was the chubby ugly duckling, the non-achiever of the Austin clan.

Before Tracy was born, John was the "baby," and Pam remembers him watch-

continued

I love tobacco. I don't smoke.

**Walt Garrison,
football and rodeo star.**

If I'm a guy who loves tobacco, how come I never take a puff?

Well, because I use "smokeless tobacco."

All it takes is a pinch of "smokeless" in between my cheek and gum. Feels real relaxin' in there. And I get full, rich tobacco pleasure.

Another thing is, "smokeless tobacco" can't tie up my hands. So I can use it no matter what I'm doing.

If you'd like to go "smokeless," here's what you do. Just look for three great brands.

There's Skoal, my favorite, which has a wintergreen taste. Copenhagen, a straight tobacco.

And Happy Days Mint. All three dated for freshness.

They'll each give you the tobacco pleasure you're looking for.

**Smokeless tobacco.
A pinch is all it takes.**



For a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of "smokeless tobacco"—as well as a few free pinches that you can try for yourself—write to "Smokeless Tobacco," United States Tobacco Company, Dept. 866, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

ing from the sidelines while everybody else played tennis. From the beginning he was pushed around and kidded about his weight. He was a slower learner than the rest, and he used to set the clock ahead, so his half hour of hitting against the backboard would be over more quickly. "I hated tennis until I was 15," John says.

Before that, John had broken a leg and was rendered inactive for months. After the leg healed he grew tall, lanky, muscular. "Here was the classic storybook kid who had been ridiculed and disregarded suddenly blooming to life," says Braden. "There must have been some deep hostilities there, an unconscious will to win, because the fight and desire is all coming out now."

UCLA Coach Glen Bassett has to tone John down at times. "The problem is he has grown so fast, John is just getting into his size," says Bassett. "Like all youngsters with strength and the big serve, he has to work on his quickness and not hit every ball as hard as he can. But he has more potential than Jeff. John has the strength and athletic skills to be a great player."

When Jeanne Austin saw that quote in the *Los Angeles Times* last summer, she shuddered, cut it out and hid it from Jeff. Not that such words would cause household rebellion. But there were feelings—and egos—to be considered.

In their mother's ratings Jeff and Pam love praise, little Tracy is confident of getting it. Doug is so self-sufficient and happy he doesn't need it. But John? Ah, John feeds on it.

Often now Jeff and John work out together. Jeff has more shots and his more mobile, all-round game probably could still stop his brother's heavy artillery if the chips were down. But both brothers know another day will come. "I never feel any pressure," says Jeff, "but playing for fun and competing in a tournament are wholly different things. I'm not looking forward to playing him in that situation at all. If I started losing to John, it could get very tense."

Above all, the Austins' greatest motivation is to live up to little sister. The fact that girls' competitive tennis at the national level is hardly a teddy bear's picnic was best illustrated at a recent tournament when one mother watched her offspring blow a service return and called out, "That's great, kid, just hit the ball into the net." And when an 11-year-old

loser received a long-distance barngue from her father, then roamed her host's home at 3 a.m., she said she was searching "for something to hug."

"I learned long ago about the pressures in this game," Jeanne Austin says. "I was upset at the ridiculous ranking Jeff got one year. I used to moan about the seedings, the draw, about sending in results. Then Jack Kramer got to me and really put me in my place. 'Why fight it?' he said. 'Let the kid play. The game is supposed to be fun.'"

The way Tracy rushes out of her seventh-grade class at Dapple Gray School, hops into the station wagon (she doesn't have to walk as Pam once did), flashes her braces and prepares to change into her tennis togs is convincing evidence that she is having fun. "Can't waste time. Got to hit the deck, swinging the racket," she says of her quick change in the moving vehicle.

She practices with two or three different girls and boys every day, then a couple of adults, playing eight-game prosets, and winds up with two or three lessons a week from Landsdorp. Also, she plays several exhibitions a year with such celebrities as Bobby Riggs, Lloyd Bridges, Jonathan Winters and Bill Cosby.

Tracy has been appearing as an intermission attraction at the Pacific Southwest championships since she was nine. In addition she does halftime shows at Los Angeles Strings' WTT matches. Last winter the Strings drafted her 12th-ahead of Cosby and Johnny Carson. She said she would rather stay in school.

"From day one, Tracy always accepted any notoriety," says Pam. "She thought it was normal, so she never took a big ego trip. All she needs is size and strength to be a huge success on the women's tour right away. Chris [Evert] was shy and inhibited when she first arrived and got all that attention, but Tracy has grown up with it. No commoner will stun her. Oh, I don't believe I'm talking about my little sister."

Three years ago, after Tracy won the first of her national indoor titles at Harry Hopman's Tennis Academy in Port Washington, N.Y., the Austins asked the old Australian master how she should train, what she could do to improve. "What do you tell a genius?" Hopman said.

At workouts, Landsdorp tells Tracy, "When you get a short ball and you have enough time, I want you to cream that

sucker, O.K.?" Tracy creams the sucker.

"The girl is amazing," says Landsdorp. "She can do a little bit of everything. Hit the slice, the drive, even the top spin, although that takes more strength than she's really got. Some time ago she wasn't strong enough to get the ball deep except by floating it. But now she bangs it pretty well. And in another two years she'll be killing top-spin serves." Her weakness is her serve. But she is placing it well.

Perhaps the most unusual aspect of Tracy's game is her mania for going to the net, an obstacle over which she can barely see. The volley is not a shot with her so much as a passion. Her instructors say they practically have to tie a rope around Tracy to keep her on the baseline, the normally safe habitat of little girls who are concerned about getting their fragile heads knocked off up there at the tape.

One way to beat Tracy is to move her around in the backcourt, since high, deep balls give her trouble. Because of her size she can't put them away. But she is learning to take these early by volleying, her true love. As she grows taller the prevailing opinion holds that there will be nobody around who can touch her.

"People see her now and say if she was 5'5", what a player she'd be," says Landsdorp. "But if she was 5'5" and played like she does now, she'd still be unbelievable. The best thing she has going for her is that she knows how to win. She finds different ways every time. The thought of not being a great player never has entered her mind."

Tracy's earlier teacher, Vic Braden, is discreet about poaching on Landsdorp's territory, but he is only slightly less ecstatic over Tracy's future. "Her serve is very weak, even for her age," says Braden. "But it's the only thing about her typical of a girl. What's bad is the style—she hasn't changed since she was a little kid. I try to explain to Tracy that she's got a baby-pull serve: that when she gets into big tournaments, everybody is a Tracy. The trouble is she was with it."

Braden especially likes Tracy's mental approach. "Many young players return to the womb on the big points," he says. "The distance between their elbow and body disappears. This choking aspect is like huddling in a corner. But this kid hits out on the big points. Obviously she loves it. Her temperament is cool, composed, she doesn't get mad. The mark of a champion is to win when you're sup-

posed to, Tracy does. And she doesn't brood over losses, either."

In between her tennis and a voracious appetite for Tahitian Treat and Fritos, Tracy has found time to become a reasonably well-rounded little girl. Her favorite class is phys ed, but she reads things like *Charlotte's Web* and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and she is interested in the "Israeli problem in the Mideast." She collects stamps, coins and stickers to put on her notebooks. She follows the adventures of Patti Hearst as well as those of Nancy Drew. And she has made a long chain of gum wrappers to decorate her bedroom.

Homework never interferes with tennis. A straight-A student, Tracy gets her work done as soon as she arrives home from the courts. Jeff Austin remembers that in the fourth grade Tracy stayed up for three nights attempting to complete her math homework for the year.

Tracy says she doesn't remember exactly what she liked about tennis early on. "I started when I was so young," she says. "I didn't know what I was doing. Just followed all the rest. Being an Austin, I guess I had to. I'm so proud when people ask if I'm Jeff's sister. I started playing much earlier than my brothers and sisters. That was lucky. I know most people don't get a chance to be No. 1 in anything. Now that I have the chance, I want to keep hitting and working. I just have to play tennis."

Each of the Austins seems to feel that way. Jeff calls tennis "a common ground" which the family shares, something they can relax with and enjoy together. He says they have come to take this for granted.

Such a feeling is not always beneficial, as the Austins found out one day last summer. Tracy had reached the point where winning was a foregone conclusion rather than an achievement, where joy in the mere playing of the game had become overlooked.

As Tracy was leaving home for the nationals, Pam wished her good luck and take care and all the rest of the things sisters wish each other on parting. Then Pam forgot herself. She said, "Tracy, be sure to win." Tracy broke out crying.

"I might not win it, you know," she said through the shakes and sniffles. And right then the Austins realized that their littlest one had shown them never to take tennis—or each other—for granted again.

END

ONLY 2 OUT OF 10 CARS ON THE ROAD TODAY ARE ENGINEERED FOR RADIAL TIRES.



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Everybody talks radials nowadays, but if your car is American-made and a 1973 model or older, it is probably not engineered for radial tires. You will not get the service and ride you expect simply because your suspension and steering system were not designed for radial tires.

But you didn't know that!

Why pay for something you can't take full advantage of, when you can get the Delta 784 Supreme—a long mileage, full 4 ply tire engineered and designed for your car? And at a fraction of the cost of radials too.

Delta sells radials, but we're only going to sell you what's best for your car.



The tire that's
long on mileage
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A Hot Time in the Old Downtown

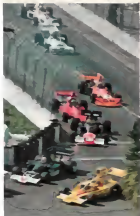
At first the new slicked Long Beach just seems to say they're going to come wheeling along on Shoreline (around 180 mph) leaving at full blast on Ocean Boulevard? They are indeed, and next weekend the first Grand Prix West will bring Formula 1 road racing back to city streets for the first time since the days of rumble seats and roaring crowds. Any fears the locals had were swept away in last year's rollercoaster race, which served to prove, among other things, that there's nothing like the roar of race cars to pick up the pace of a city.





The setting is so continental that the question arises why Long Beach has not been doing this for years: the old Queen Mary and pleasure craft form the backdrop while race action fills the foreground. A prime vantage point like the crowded balcony below rents for as much as \$1,500 for the weekend.





The 2.32 miles of straightaways and curves come with the locale; temporary barriers are installed and, presto, it's Monaco West, with 180-mph bumps where earlier citizens usually creep along in golf carts. Gliding is the specialty as the cars sweep by; the European-looking high rise shimmers with humanity.





Go for It All on Glory Road

American motor racing got its start on real streets more than 70 years ago, but somewhere along the winding way it lost that sense of actuality. From 1904 to 1921, crowds of as many as 250,000 car-crazy fans looked on in ecstasy as monstrous, 16-liter Locomobiles and Panhards careened through downtown Queens and Philadelphia, Milwaukee and Santa Monica at speeds of more than 100 mph. You could sit in a saloon, sipping nickel beer and wolfing pigs' feet from the free lunch, and watch bold men risking their lives on the very pavements you walked each day on the way to work.

Then along came oval tracks and artificial road courses to remove automobile racing from the realm of Everyman's experience. But next week in Long Beach, Calif. street racing returns. And it may well be the most stirring event in American motor sports since the days of Barney Oldfield and Willy K. Vanderbilt.

The occasion is the first annual U.S. Grand Prix West, a full-bore Formula 1 race, the third of the current World Driving Championship series. The best of the international road-racing drivers will be on hand, just as they were in those primeval Vanderbilt Cup races, and for all the culture shock that has occurred in the intervening years, they won't be going much faster, on the average, than their predecessors.

What gives the race its special tang is the fact that it runs through the heart of a real, live, American metropolis. Remote from the electric excitement of big cities, most modern road circuits have a sterility about them, compounded of concrete and infinitely repetitive billboards. By putting a road race downtown, you may slow the speeds but you accelerate the action.

Long Beach, for example, is a mere 20 minutes (at legal speeds) from Los Angeles International Airport and less than that from Disneyland, provided the ears on your Mousketeers hat don't cause too much drag with the top down. From the elegant new Pacific Terrace Convention Center, which lies at the heart of the Long Beach race circuit,

a strong-armed martini drinker could flip an olive pit down one of the

stacks of the *Queen Mary*, the city's main tourist attraction. Or at least he might think he could, so large does the great black hull loom in the background.

The two-mile-plus circuit is a delight both to drivers and spectators. Competitors who sorted it out during last fall's inaugural Formula 5000 race liked the constant challenge of changing road surfaces and contours—rough and slick, uphill and down, curve and straightaway—while race fans freaked on the new sounds and perspectives afforded by the constant variability of a "real" racing environment. Particularly gratifying was the overhead view from the many high-rise vantage points that stud the circuit. From ground level, modern race cars with their low profiles and wraparound helmetry look like so many outsize HO-scale toys being run by remote control. But gazing down into their cockpits from balconies that rent for as much as \$1,500 during the race weekend, one can actually see the violent wrench of steering wheels and pump of pedals that produce the smooth line of "effortless" speed. It affords a sense of the human element often invisible in the sport.

Equally fascinating are the vignettes of city life that are part of the scene. The pigeons that roost on the Heartwell Building, a rococo reversion of the '30s that hawks above the Ocean Boulevard straight, swirl in red-eyed panic each time the snarling pack whips past. The California-cool kids in cutoffs rattle their skateboards through parallel back alleys in a vain, laughing effort to keep up with the race cars. There are the Navy bars and locker clubs and tattoo parlors of the Nu Pike, just adrift the Pine Avenue uphill section of the course, where in the old days a sailor could get anything he wanted—from drunk to killed to an homage to Mom engraved on his biceps—in no time flat. Oldtime racing cars roll past on parade, from Bugattis to a Talbot-Lago, and their drivers are celebrities of yesterday, the likes of Indy's Pete DePaolo or Phil Hill (page 58). It's all there, behind the blur of speeding, sophisticated cars and drivers hell-bent for glory.

The easiest comparison, of course, is with Monaco—the only other Grand Prix race through actual city streets. But every city has its own actuality: Long Beach possesses a gritty, sun-washed charm that has nothing to do with Monte Carlo, princesses and effete European airs. It and its streets are strenuously American—and one concludes, finally, that Barney Oldfield would heartily approve the venue. Though he would doubtless regret the price of the beer.

—ROBERT F. JONES

Combine sun and a few palmy touches and the U.S. race can outglamorize Monte Carlo.

HE SENDS THEM OUT OF THIS WORLD



WOLD TRANSMITS GAMES 46,000 MILES VIA SATELLITE

It would be logical to expect that anyone who had a \$4 million telephone bill in 1975 and has already transmitted a 1976 spring-training game by satellite (the White Sox nonreleaser players' 12-6 win over the University of Iowa, played last week in Sarasota, Fla., and aired on radio in Chicago) would be a person of some note. But for Bob Wold, the 50-year-old president of The Wold Connection, overcoming obscurity has never been easy. In fact, it was his desire to attract attention that got The Wold Connection, which this year will be wholly or partially responsible for the radio or television broadcasts of more than 4,000 big-league sports events, off the ground.

"In 1971 I was trying to make people aware of my company and noticed that the baseball playoffs were not being carried on radio," Wold says. "I bought the National League rights for \$1,000 per game and got Van Scully and Bob Gibson of the Cardinals to announce for me. I lost money on the operation, but it was worth perhaps \$15,000 to me and my company to get the word out that we were a quality operation. That was really the first time we were heard from on a national basis."

Today it is difficult to hear a major league event on radio or watch one on TV in which Wold is not somehow involved. His company arranges all the radio broadcasts and at least some telecasts of 19 of the 24 major

league baseball teams, 22 of the 26 NFL clubs, 14 of the 18 NBA franchises and 14 of the 18 NHL teams. Last August, Wold set up the first satellite telecast of a complete major league baseball game, bouncing pictures of a Texas-Milwaukee contest at County Stadium 23,000 miles into the air and having them come down in Dallas.

Getting a sporting event that is being played in one place broadcast in another is a complicated process that involves the use of telephone lines, sat-

ellites and direct circuits. Today most teams usually send only their announcers to events and let Wold do the rest. That can include providing mobile units, cameras, videotape machines, engineers, microphones, visual aids and all the other paraphernalia needed to cover a game.

Outside of the three major networks and Home Box Office, Wold is now the biggest user of the two communications satellites currently available to commercial broadcasters. The satellites have made it feasible to transmit games much more cheaply than in the past, when virtually all of them went out over telephone lines. For example, it costs \$6,700 to send the TV coverage of an event in Los Angeles back to a Boston station by telephone lines. The satellite makes it possible to get the game to Boston for \$4,900. "To people who do not understand electronics, it makes no sense when I say that it is less expensive to send a game from Chicago to New York by going 46,000 miles through space than it is to send it 714 miles across land, but that's true," says Wold. "Today there are two birds up there. One is owned by RCA, the other belongs to Western Union. In three years a third satellite, owned by AT&T and General Telephone, will go into operation. When that happens, the competition among the three will be fierce, and the cost of using satellites should become even lower. Radio and television stations involved in

sports broadcasting should benefit." And so could fans, who may find broadcasters putting on more—and more diverse—sports shows as transmission costs decline.

Wold began his career in advertising, eventually becoming a vice-president of N.W. Ayer in San Francisco and Los Angeles. "Earlier I had worked in Minneapolis for seven years on the Hamm's beer account," he says. "Through that, I got involved with the telecasts of Twins games, which Hamm's sponsored. I had always been interested in sports, and when the Lakers had their good teams in Minneapolis, I was the public-address announcer at \$10 a game."

Through his experience with the Twins, Wold found that Sports Network was making lots of money by setting up broadcasts for teams and by transmitting games back to local markets. Sports Network was virtually without competition, and Wold decided to give it some. "I picked up the Giant and Angel games, then moved into football," he says. "Next I wondered why the U.S. Open wasn't being done on radio and bought the rights to it for \$1,000. I put up a sign at the 18th hole that said RAC NETWORK. Everyone wondered what the heck it was."

Today everyone in sports broadcasting knows exactly what Wold does, and now he is branching out into new fields. In July he will transmit an extravaganza entitled *The Great American Birthday Party*. Says a prospectus for the production: "All night and live, from 7 p.m. EDT on July 3 until 7 a.m. on July 4. This will be New Year's Eve, V-E Day and the Fourth of July all rolled into one." Part of the show will originate from Baltimore's Fort McHenry, where 500,000 people are expected to gather. According to the prospectus, there will be a "Disney-like Re-creation of the Bombardment of Fort McHenry . . . and The Star-Spangled Banner presented as never before by Dawn's Early Light." Later in the year Wold also may transmit live by satellite the unearthing of the ancient city of Babylon.

The Great American Birthday Party will draw a buzz from many sports fans because the Fourth of July is one of the best viewing, listening days of the year. Wold is hardly worried about that—he also will transmit most of those events.

END

Good news for
small-car buyers

Get your choice of Automatic Transmission or 5-Speed Stick at no extra charge

when you buy a 1976
Olds Starfire before April 30

This is the kind of news you've been waiting for! Between now and April 30, you can buy a sporty 1976 Oldsmobile Starfire Coupe and get your choice of either an automatic or 5-speed manual transmission (manufacturer's suggested retail price—\$244) at no extra charge. Also, Olds dealers and salesmen are being given special incentives

to offer you a good deal when you buy and take delivery on a 1976 Olds Starfire with a standard 4-speed stick. Between now and April 30, imagine! Automatic transmission or 5-speed at no extra charge. Special incentives on the 4-speed. Don't delay. Sign up for the 1976 Olds Starfire between now and April 30 and you'll really swing yourself a good deal.



1976 STARFIRE

Oldsmobile

CAN WE BUILD ONE FOR YOU?



For 39 years the NAIA basketball tournament in Kansas City, Mo. has been a gathering ground where small college teams with modest budgets and no national acclaim whatsoever come together and accomplish in six days what the NCAA takes more than two weeks to do. But crowning an NAIA champion is an exhausting process. As the 32-team field had at it last week, one could almost hear Gig Young at Kemper Arena droning, "Yowsa, yowsa. Just look at 'em dance." A team could lose once and go home disappointed or win five and go home ready to drop dead. They shoot horses, don't they?

The survivor-winner of the marathon was ninth-seeded Coppin State of Baltimore, which defeated sixth-seeded Henderson State of Arkadelphia, Ark. 96-91 in the finals. The losers just could not handle the pace. More precisely, they could not handle Joe Pace. The 6'11", 225-pound senior scored 43 points, grabbed 12 rebounds and blocked six shots despite a sprained ankle that would have kept him out of a less important game.

"I knew we'd win if I played," Pace said modestly after accepting the MVP award. In Coppin's first four victories, the NAIA's third-leading rebounder averaged 27 points and 14 rebounds a game while the starting centers opposing him totaled 21 points and 15 rebounds. Pace is a monster-movie fan, and last week he played like King Kong in high-top sneakers.

This was the second NAIA appearance in four years for the tandem of Pace and his coach, John Bates. But in 1973, when they reached the finals and lost, they were representing Maryland-Eastern Shore. Their change of address occurred following the 1974 season when Eastern Shore accepted an invitation to become the first black school to play in the NJIT. Not only did the Hawks lose in the second round there but the NAIA put them on probation for standing up their scheduled opponent, Coppin State of all people, in the NAIA district playoffs.

Bates, as it happened, was not

The Pace was too hot

Powered by a gimpy center, Coppin State won the NAIA tournament

too happy at Eastern Shore anyway. The school's limited finances had allowed him to recruit only one player the previous two years—Pace. So Bates found more congenial surroundings at Coppin State. Pace came along, too, telling his coach, "You said you'd take care of me for four years. How can you do that if we aren't at the same school?" Bates did not argue.

Coppin State, a predominantly black, state-supported school with 3,000 students, turned out to have its own limitations, however. The gymnasium floor

was four feet shorter than standard and scholarships were awarded only on a need basis. Bates took the job with the understanding that both of the deficiencies would be remedied.

They haven't been yet, but the Eagles have done very well anyway. After missing out in the district playoffs last year, they reached the nationals last week with a 34-2 record and the Potomac Conference championship. As for Maryland-Eastern Shore, in the two years since Bates and Pace packed up it has won four games. Total.

Bates arrived in Kansas City with a load of confidence and "six changes of clothes." "This is Joe's tournament," he said early in the week. "He's gonna win it." And Pace almost did the job single-handedly. The Eagles breezed past Dowling in their opening game 78-55. In the second, they trailed Wisconsin-Parkside 67-60 with 3:30 remaining. But the Eagles got a basket and Pace hit five straight free throws. The last two, with 16 seconds remaining, won the game 68-67. The following night Pace scored 31 points, blocked seven shots and collected

17 rebounds as Coppin pulled away from Texas Southern in the last five minutes of an 88-77 win. "That's as well as he's ever played," said Bates. "There shouldn't be any doubts about him after a game like that."

The semifinal defeat of Maryland turned out to be another squeaker. With 11:25 remaining and a 68-64 lead, Coppin seemed to have the game under control. Then Pace aggravated his bad left ankle and had to be helped off to the dressing room. When he made a dramatic return almost five minutes later, the Eagles still led, 73-72, but with five seconds left they trailed 81-80. Bates called time-out with the idea of setting up Pace for a shot underneath. Instead, Pace took the inbound pass near midcourt, dribbled twice and threw up a 25-footer. He fell flat on his seat as he fired, but the ball swished through. And Coppin was in the finals.

Almost the same sort of heroics were required of Pace against Hen-



ONCE UNTRACKED, MVP PACE DOMINATED THE FINAL

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

derson. The Reddies jumped off to an eight-point lead in the first four minutes and Pace, slowed by his ankle, asked to be taken out. But after watching the deficit reach 11 points in the next three minutes he told Bates he would try again. Two more minutes went by before Pace scored his first basket, but the score seemed to get him untracked. Intensifying on defense and dominating on offense, he scored 15 points in a row and had 21 in the half to cut Henderson's lead to 52-48 by the break.

Three minutes into the second half Coppin took the lead for good, 56-55. Pace continued to control the inside game, showing emotion only once, when one of the Reddies' little guards shoved him in frustration after having a shot blocked.

The Eagles went to their delay game to protect a seven-point lead with 3:41 remaining and held on to win by converting six straight one-and-ones. "I've always said that games are won on free throws and layups," said Bates. "We got plenty tonight."

In winning, Coppin contributed to the week-long trend of results that made a mockery of the seedings. Four of the 16 seeds were out of it after the first round and seven more after the second, including unbeaten and top-ranked Furman State of West Virginia and the No. 2 team, defending champion Grand Canyon of Arizona. Stealing their limelight were unheralded teams like Lincoln Memorial of Harrogate, Tenn., which would have reached the finals but for a double-overtime loss to Henderson.

Just a few years ago Lincoln Memorial was on the edge of financial extinction and a decision had been made to shut down the basketball program. But a new president, Frank Welch, saved the school, doubling the enrollment, and a new coach, Jack Jackson, rescued the team, bringing it to Kansas City in his first season. Of course, neither operation was hurt when Colonel Sanders gave a finger-lakin' good donation of \$500,000 to the school's Abraham Lincoln library and museum.

On the other hand, consider the plight of West Florida last week. After losing in the opening round of its first NAIA tournament appearance ever, the Argonauts returned home to learn that the school's entire athletic program had been shut down for lack of funds.

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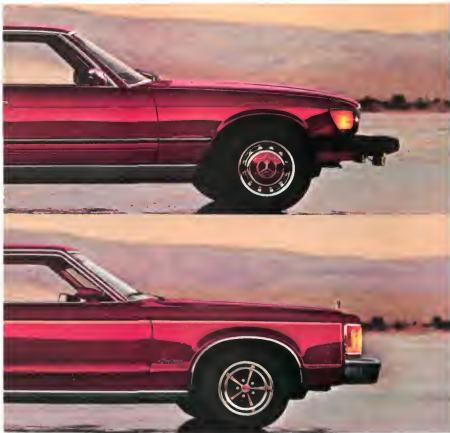
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'In my strategy, I have given up sinking'

So says one intrepid offshore powerboat racer, a soul mate of restaurateur Rocky Aoki, who took last week's Bushmilla Grand Prix at Newport Beach, Calif. The new kid on the briny, Aoki is a racer who sinks or wins



WINNER AOKI GIVES THE FLAG A WHIRL

An offshore racing powerboat, by simplest definition, is a specialized hull that is usually overpowered and constantly beset by gremlins. By equally simple definition, the drivers of such craft are men so accustomed to frustration that they are willing to pound along over the cruel, cruel sea for more than 150 miles in every race knowing they have about an even chance of making it to the finish line. Many of the finest victories in offshore racing are Pyrrhic. The usual first-place prize is about seven grand, which is enough to send the winner on to the next race.

The hazards of the game make some contenders mad enough to quit. Others get even madder and keep coming back for more. It is a queer contagion, not easily contracted but indiscriminate, taking the young and the old, and rarely afflicting any two victims the same way. The defending national champion, Sandy Sattullo of Cleveland, started offshore racing four years ago at the age of 30. He won his first four races—an unparalleled debut for a rookie—before the usual griefs started coming his way. He failed to finish his fifth race because of a broken stern drive and almost sank his boat in the sixth. The following year, while cavorting for a TV cameraman, he did sink it. After another struggling year, he took a more conservative stance in 1975, kept his foot off the fire wall at times, and won the title. So where is Sattullo this year? With three of the nine races that count for the title already run, he is a poor seventh in the standings, but still gung-ho.

For an idea of how the sport can affect the youth of America, there is the contrasting case of Bill MacDonald of Miami, who took up offshore racing five years ago at the age of 20. Although none of his grief was out of the ordinary, for three hard years he suffered like Job. As

he describes it, "I kept breaking crankshafts and rods, burning pistons and dropping valves." The letters "DNF" (for "did not finish") virtually became his middle initials. After getting 14 DNFs in 20 races and having one hull all but destroyed by a gas truck while being towed back from California at the end of 1973, he gave up the sport. So where is MacDonald now? He is back at it, promising himself he will give it up for good next year.


The offshore career of Preston Henn, a 45-year-old proprietor of drive-in theaters in Florida, began uniquely with a disaster for which no gremlin can take credit. In 1974, while the Magnum hull in which he planned to make his racing debut hung on davits at his dock, Henn inserted a hose in the engine cooling system to flush it out, left the hose running and forgot he had. Three days later, while he was away on a trip, a neighbor telephoned him to say his boat had broken off its davits and was on the bottom. In Henn's first race, the 1974 Bahamas 500, the salvaged boat spun out and sank under him 30 miles out in the Gulf Stream. After a tanker rescued him and his crew from their inflatable raft and a helicopter ferried them to shore, Henn promised his wife he would never race again. "I bought a 38-foot Bertram prototype for pleasure," he says, "but I knew in the back of my evil mind I would race it."

Shortly thereafter he took second in class in the Miami-Nassau race, barely getting to the dock without sinking. Subsequently, without any assist from him, the Bertram, like its predecessor, fell from its davits and sank at the dock. A year later in the Point Pleasant race off New Jersey, Henn had to beach the boat within sight of the finish, because it was taking on so much water. What has Henn done since then? He has bought a Brand-

continued



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new 38-foot Bertram, which he calls *Streaker* after the adult movies he shows at some of his drive-ins. So far on the 1976 championship trail *Streaker* is holding together fine, but Henn is coming slightly apart. In the rough Key West race, where he took third-place points, he broke his nose. Coming in second in the Grand Prix del Rey in California last month, he sprained an ankle. "In my race strategy this year I have given up sinking," he says. "Now it's straight from the finish line to the doctor's office."

Because of the cost, offshore racing will never grow in leaps and bounds, but it will survive as long as there are men as badly bitten by the bug as Sattullo, MacDonald and Henn. The fields in the three races run to date for the 1976 national title have been without question the best ever. While the title is a prime aim of most drivers, there are some with further motivation. For one, there is Arnold Glass, the two-time Australian champion, who is anxious to have a go at Yank competition. For another, there is Peter Rothschild, who 10 years ago won the U.S. title and came back in the third race this year largely to prove the worth of a modified, turbo-charged Chevy engine marketed by himself and its modifier, Chuck Daigh, under the label TCX. For another, there is Betty Cook, the only girl in the game, who in her high school days used to run slalom on bear-trap bindings between the gravestones of a sloping cemetery in Glens Falls, N.Y. Cook's object is not to prove the worth of women drivers but to test the capabilities of a tunnel hull configuration in open water. "Everybody in this sport knows more about it than I do," she says. "I do what I'm told. I'm a monkey at the wheel. If I have any advantage at all, it's that I don't have a male ego to feed." Joel Halpern, a New York investment builder and contractor who formerly got his knocks playing semipro hockey and racing modified and late-model stock cars, is intent on proving that a prototype Cobra hull will at least keep Bertram and Cigarette boats from dominating the offshore game.

In the races off Key West and Marina del Rey, most of the legs were run in seas five feet or higher. The point leader after these events was the most battered driver of the lot, 63-year-old Bob Nordskog, a manufacturer of airplane galley equipment who is better known in Southern

California for the honors he has won and the bones he has broken racing all manner of boats, some of which were about as hydrodynamically sound as a crated piano.

The third race of the season, run last Saturday at Newport Beach, Calif., was called the Bushmills Grand Prix because it was sponsored by the Irish whiskey of that name. Bushmills not only provided the \$10,000 prize money but also an Irish stew dinner and a fifth of whiskey to each driver—but none of the luck of the Irish. On the course misfortune cropped up as usual. As is their custom, in the Bushmills race the gremlins started going to work well before the starting gun. Betty Cook's crew could not get the steering of her tunnel hull properly fixed in time, so she was obliged to drive an orthodox V-bottom boat. On the eve of the race the wind blew, threatening another gut-busting contest like that at Key West, but by dawn it had dropped to nothing and barely picked up with the sun, so that the waves on any leg rarely exceeded a foot. In such a relatively slick sea Cook might have smoked off the whole gang in her tunnel hull.

In the Grand Prix del Rey, Arnold Glass, the Aussie, had had the most freakish luck. He hit a whale, warped a propeller and was lucky to finish seventh. Five minutes before the start of the Bushmills a large gray whale, some 50 feet in length, surfaced about half a mile in front of the line as if looking for a return engagement. Glass, alas, had blown an engine, and never made it across.

When seas are small, the ride is easier, speeds go up and most of the grief derives from overworked engines and drive chains. In the Bushmills 10 of 16 starters finished, but only half a dozen of them with both engines coughing out their best. In the first third of the 185-mile race three boats died and one swapped ends, throwing its crew overboard. Sattullo led handsomely and briefly near the start, but lost his power after 105 miles. Peier Rothschild aptly proved the potential of his TCX engine. He led for more than 70 miles, but by the finish he was limping. Bill MacDonald finished eighth to keep his record for 1976 clean of DNFs. Throughout the first 135 miles Bob Nordskog was never worse than fifth, but in the end he was lucky to finish seventh with a distributor badly out of whack.

The race was won by the new kid on the block, the Benihana restaurateur Rocky Aoki (SI, March 1), who in his brief offshore career has bounced between first place and DNF with nary a stop between. In his debut in last year's Miami-Nassau race he won in record time. In the Key West race, turning too sharply in a leap off a wave, he came down hard on the port quarter, almost busting up the boat for good. In the Marina del Rey race he broke a stern drive. On the longest leg of the Bushmills, southward along the coast, he hugged the shore inside the kelp, adding perhaps half a mile to his course to get even calmer water than the



CHAMP SATTULLO BOOMED, THEN BUSTED

lakelike seas the others were pounding across.

Aoki and his throttleman Hal Smith resisted the temptation to go full bore and, with power to spare, took the lead from the flagging Rothschild 30 miles from the finish. With 10 miles to go Aoki had a comfortable 45-second lead on the now unsinkable Preston Henn. But in the last half mile what had been comfortable suddenly became a squeaker. Aoki lost power in one engine and crossed the line with Henn closing 20 mph faster.

Because he did so poorly Bob Nordskog dropped from first in title points to third behind Joel Halpern and Preston Henn. "So it's a close race between us three," Nordskog said. "That's how these things should be."

END

Court case for détente

World Team Tennis ventured to Moscow to open a five-match series with the Soviet Union. The net result was a U.S. win, a Russian grin

Last Saturday's World Team Tennis match between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., which was held at the Spectrum in Philadelphia, was not a particularly exotic event for the 4,200 American fans on hand. Except for a few of the Soviets, the crowd could tell the players without a program, and, as expected, the U.S. won. This was the third of five rounds of competition between the two teams, and the Americans were now leading by an overall game score of 77-60, an advantage they would increase to 107-77 after whipping the Soviets in Cleveland on Sunday.

It had been an altogether different story the previous Monday night when the six-member U.S. team, led by Billie Jean King and Marty Riessen, opened a two-night stand in Moscow. Tennis has never been a popular pastime in the Soviet Union, there being only 3,500 courts in the entire country, but the Americans found this hard to believe. After their two seasons before packed houses against a largely unheralded group of Russian players, the U.S. team left for home with an unmistakable message: the Russians are coming.

The series was the brainchild of Larry King, president of World Team Tennis, and Bill Bereman, the league's executive secretary and owner of the Indiana Loves. The idea was broached to Vladimir A. Golenko, the affable secretary of the Soviet Lawn Tennis Federation, at Wimbledon early last summer, and the contract was signed on Dec. 27. The agreement called for the first two matches being held in Moscow and the final three in Philadelphia, Cleveland and Indianapolis. World Team Tennis would provide the purse of \$100,000, which would be split \$60,000 to the winning team, \$40,000 to the losers. It was also stipulated that the winning share would go to the team that won the most games, not the most sets.

The first two matches were staged in

the cavernous Palace of Sports, which is located in Lenin Stadium Park about two miles from the Kremlin. Twenty-five thousand tickets went on sale about a week beforehand and within an hour all were gone. The spectators were no ordinary collection of tennis fans. A large percentage were tennis coaches, heads of tennis clubs or students at the country's 200 tennis schools. This probably accounted for the uncommonly silent attention with which they followed the proceedings and the complete impartiality of their applause when a noteworthy play was made.

The Soviets, skilled at stagecraft, went all out to dress up the matches. *The March of Tennis Players*, composed for the occasion, was played. One verse contained the unlikely line, "We are all born with tennis rackets in our hands." Then children presented the contestants with bouquets of red carnations.

If there was a home-court advantage, it was probably the Americans', who had brought along the garishly colored artificial surface used by World Team Tennis, a covering of such clashing hues that the players appeared to be running uphill and down as they traversed the court. There was also some trouble with erratic bounces as a result of the court's being laid directly on top of ice used for hockey matches. Some of the Russian players, whose travel abroad is limited, were playing for the first time before a large crowd, and in their capital city at that, so they were understandably apprehensive. In fact, 22-year-old Marina Kroshina, who had to lead off for the Soviets in the first match, was so nervous that she had to be coaxed onto the court.

Kroshina, a petite blonde, faced the least-known member of "Team America," Mona Guerrant. A member of Bereman's Loves and therefore hardened to the fast pace and pressure of Team Tennis, Guerrant was a model of composure. In a trying first game that went to deuce

six times, she eventually broke service and went on to win 6-0. As it turned out, Guerrant's six-game margin provided half of the 12-game advantage the U.S. team carried out of Moscow.

Riessen, playing listlessly, lost to Russia's top player, Alex Metreveli, 6-4. Sandy Mayer lost by the same score to Vadim Borisov, 20, a short player with a big serve. Billie Jean and Rosemary Casals, who had arrived in Moscow only 50 minutes before they took the court, easily disposed of Kroshina and Natasha Chmyreva 6-2. But Chmyreva, a gangling, nerveless 17-year-old, outlasted the weary Casals 7-6. The first night ended with the Americans ahead in games 26-21 but behind in sets 3-2, a fact that caused Moscow newspapers to declare the next morning that the Soviet Union was ahead in a huge upset.

The U.S. coach, Earl (Butch) Buchholz, appeared in the Ukraine Hotel dining room for breakfast the next morning in a forbidding mood. "These people are taking it seriously and they played surprisingly well," he said.

Two days later Vladimir Golenko sat in the Ministry of Sports wearing a satisfied smile. "We are really happy about the match," he said. "It was a meeting of the superpowers held in a very friendly atmosphere."

Golenko had a good reason to be pleased. Soviet tennis is fast increasing in popularity, and it is expected that the U.S.-U.S.S.R. match will give it a further boost. There are now 70,000 players in the U.S.S.R., most of them young. Tennis schools pick out children when they are seven years old. Computers figure their reflex times and eye-hand coordination. When they mature, they are put through a rugged series of intra-Soviet tournaments. Only the best are permitted to go abroad.

Tennis is played in such tucked-away corners of the U.S.S.R. as Samarkand, the ancient Moslem city in Uzbekistan, and Vorkuta, known mainly as the place in the northern Urals to which political troublemakers were once banished. The game is developing into a substantial business, with 140,000 tennis rackets being produced each year at factories in Estonia and the Ukraine.

But the big new product is good young players, and Golenko says the best of all are two 14-year-old girls, Svetlana Chernyeva and Olga Zaitseva. "Wait until you see them," he smiles. We can't wait. **END**

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THE WINNER WHO WALKED AWAY



of knowing someone's of death rode with Phil Hill when he drove his Ferrari to the world championship in 1961, but in the self-examination of retirement he tells the story of racing's fatal spell

by PAT JORDAN

CONTINUED

THE WINNER continued



Hill's collection of music boxes and player pianos, an expression of his reverence for the past, are shown in his Santa Monica home, where he grew up in the lap of luxury.

Philip Toll Hill is a 49-year-old businessman with a vivid, if selective, memory. He can recall the make, model, color, year and gearshift pattern of every automobile he has ever been in, and he can recall minute details of every funeral he has attended. He remembers, for instance, that as an 8-year-old he and some friends were driven home from a birthday party in a green 1933 Chevrolet sedan whose gearshift had a sloppy neutral and a spongy feeling when the gears were changed. He remembers the feel of that gearshift because he was permitted to sit beside the driver and shift, but only after he had paid each of his friends 25¢. His friends laughed at him and, for the first time, he wondered if his fascination with the automobile might somehow be unnatural. About the only things Hill cannot remember from that childhood incident are the names of his friends and the driver.

Hill also remembers another moment, when, at 24, he stood over a casket and scrutinized his mother's features. He grew disturbed, not from emotion but by her looks. He summoned the undertaker.

"Those aren't my mother's lips," he said. "That is not the way they were." Then, in precise detail, he described how his mother had painted her lips so that the undertaker could repaint them.

For a good many years and almost to the exclusion of all else, Phil Hill's life was devoted to mastering automobiles and outwitting death. He has owned, driven, raced and restored more automobiles, and he has attended more funerals, confronted and contemplated death more often than most men would in a dozen lifetimes.

Throughout the 1950s and early '60s, Hill was the most successful American racing driver, and he remains the only American ever to win the World Driving Championship. He began his career as a mechanic for midget cars around his hometown of Santa Monica, Calif., graduated to driving an MG-TC roadster in 1947, won his first competitive event in Gardena in 1949 and his first major U.S. sports-car race in 1950 at Pebble Beach. He was 23. He drove a new XK-120 Jaguar. It was long, low and hump-fendered, and as sleek as its namesake, but by the

time Hill finished punishing it at Pebble Beach it was merely another muddy, dented, brakeless and clutchless racing hulk. Hill's driving technique at the time consisted of plowing his car into each turn too fast, bracing himself as the car bounced off the track's protective bales of hay and then jerking the steering wheel until the car straightened out and proceeded to the next turn—with his foot nailed to the gas pedal. It was a technique that showed neither style nor fear, and one that would change.

Hill built a reputation as the premier sports-car racer in the States during the early '50s and then went to Europe to enhance that reputation. Ultimately he became a Grand Prix driver for Enzo Ferrari. A Formula 1 car is the quickest, flimsiest and most dangerous of all racing machines. Hill approached it with caution. As a Formula 1 driver, he was never the fastest in the world—that distinction belonged to Stirling Moss—but during the early '60s he was the best. Whereas Moss had a talent for driving the fastest laps and sometimes even the fastest races, he also had a propensity for

disastrous crashes and for punishing his car beyond its breaking point. He led a great many more races than he ever finished, while Hill, having learned discipline and restraint, finished an extraordinary 80% of the time. Hill was never in an accident for which he had to be hospitalized, nor did he have a reputation for breaking cars. He was a perfectionist, about cars and the tracks over which he drove. Before each race Hill toured the track in a sedan, slowly, stopping to pick up wet leaves. He made mental notes of every tree whose branches might drip morning moisture on the track, and of every building that might create crosswinds which would lighten his car at high speeds. He was equally fastidious about the preparation of his car. On the night before he won the world championship he forced his Ferrari mechanics to install a new engine simply because the existing one did not sound right.

Hill seemed to see things before they happened. While other drivers often found themselves in trouble and had to use every bit of their skill to extricate themselves, Hill anticipated such situations and avoided them. Intuition saved his life in 1955, when he was standing on a bench in the pits during the 24 Hours of Le Mans. "I had always worked out

what I would do if a car got loose in the pits," Hill says. "When the cars came down the straightaway I heard this unfamiliar sound . . . pttt . . . pttt. I didn't think, I just jumped backward off the bench and crouched down." A Mercedes 300 SLR hurtled into the crowd at about 100 mph, killing 83 and injuring more than 150, and although Hill could see a gendarme lying nearby, legless, on the track, he was unscratched.

For years Hill accepted death as inevitable in his profession. When he signed on with Ferrari in 1956 he was the ninth driver on a nine-man team, but by the time he won his championship in 1961 four of those teammates had been killed in crashes. By the fall of 1961 most of the great Formula 1 drivers of the '50s had been killed, 20 of them in races in which Hill had been competing. Among the dead were his Ferrari teammates von Trips, Hawthorn, Collins, Castellotti, Musso, Portago, and others like Lewis-Evans, Behra and Schell.

The death of von Trips most affected Hill's career because it came in a fiery crash during the Grand Prix of Italy, the race in which Hill clinched his championship. Had von Trips lived, Hill might never have become world champion, because at the time the German was lead-

ing Hill for the title, 33 points to 29. This knowledge weighed heavily on Hill during the winter of '61, when he should have been savoring his title. He grew obsessed with the attrition rate of his fellow drivers, and with his own mortality.

Within three years Hill would leave Grand Prix racing without approaching his 1961 success. He returned to safer sports-car racing for a few years and then in 1967, at the age of 40, left the sport altogether. His retirement was not brought about by injury or by age, since many racers drive through their 40s. And Hill retained no contact with his former profession. He gave up the sport, he says, because "I had a premonition I was ultimately going to kill myself and, more than anything, I did not want to be dead."

Today Hill lives with his wife and three children in an old Spanish-Mediterranean-style house in a quiet neighborhood in Santa Monica. The house is surrounded by newer homes, but when his parents bought the place in 1929 it was one of only two houses on the street. He has tried to preserve the house exactly as it was then—white plaster walls, exposed beams and dark wood floors. When he was a child the house was meticulously kept by servants, and the only brightness

continued



A passion for old cars has turned into a profession. The restored MG-TC at right is just like the one in which Hill won his first racing trophy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CREEL ARMITAGE

THE WINNER *continued*

was the colorful mosaic tiles embedded in the stairwells leading to the second floor. Now the house is comfortably rumpled with his children's plastic toys and stuffed animals and highlighted with ancient objects of his own.

A perfectly restored violano lies under glass. An old Bible lies open on a book stand. Volumes with leather bindings and parchment pages edged in gilt are stacked in bookcases and propped on coffee tables. One wall from floor to ceiling is lined with faded cardboard boxes that contain the remnants of his once vast collection of player-piano rolls. Two perfectly restored player pianos stand side by side, their polished chestnut gleaming. The past is everywhere, in the smell of worn leather and in the burnished woods that lend each room the quality of an old, brown-tinted photograph.

Hill takes a slim volume from a shelf and props his bifocals on his nose. A multimillionaire, he is dressed in a plaid shirt

and corduroy jeans. He has a creased and harried face, and yet, with tousled hair and small features, he resembles a boy. He looks slight, but he says, "I am not! I am 5' 10", an average height."

He holds the book at arm's length as he turns the pages. The pages rustle. The book is an heirloom from his paternal grandmother, whose Dutch ancestors settled in New York State in 1685. It dates from 1837 and contains poems, stories, letters, exhortations and drawings. It is penned by a variety of hands in tiny, elaborate script. "Can you imagine the time it must have taken?" he says. "What kind of life enabled them to devote such time to this?"

He replaces the volume and withdraws a piano roll, inserting it into one of his pianos. The keys begin to move and the room is filled with *The Enchanted Nymph* as performed by composer Mischel Levitzki. Hill seems less enthralled by the music than by the moving keys. "A mi-

nor piece," he says. "Not one of his best. I got interested in restoring player pianos only partly because of the music. Mostly, I wanted it to seem as if the pianist was right here in the room, playing just for me."

The only part of the house that has undergone alterations is the garage which, by now, almost entirely devours the backyard in order to accommodate Hill's restored automobiles. His collection has grown so large, in fact, that he must quarter many of his cars in neighbors' garages. Only the favorites remain at home. Each one is restored to a state far superior to its original one. There is a silver 1947 MG-TC, identical to the one in which Hill captured his first trophy. There is also a 1931 Packard convertible coupe purchased from a film star. "You've got to see it!" Hill says. "You'll love it! It gives you such a feel for the '30s." He leads the way, moving on to his favorite, a 1912 Packard 30, blue trimmed in gray, aglow with brass trim. He reaches inside to the dashboard and flicks on the head lamps. There is an audible "poof" and a whisper of smoke as the gas-operated lamps ignite. The flames dance inside their glass cases. "It represents the end of an automotive era; it was the last year for the right-hand drive," he says.

He stops beside a black 1918 Packard Twin-Six Fleetwood town car. Hill has a particular fondness for this Packard because it is the first automobile he remembers, the one he believes sparked his passion for automobiles. As a youth during the Depression, he remembers driving it and also the humiliation he felt when he was taken to school in it by a chauffeur. He was given that car by his aunt, who owned it, and it has put in only 20,000 miles. During his racing years Hill purchased and restored old cars as a hobby, and after he left racing he and a partner, Ken Vaughn, turned the hobby into a lucrative business that they now operate out of a garage in downtown Santa Monica. The garage is clean and brightly lighted. The employees are young men except for the upholsterer, an elderly Italian with whom Hill invariably stops to pass time, always talking in the man's native language.

There are about a dozen cars in various states of restoration. Each job varies, but a typical restoration will take up to two years and cost more than \$75,000.

continued

A family portrait: Hill, daughter Vanessa, wife Alma, son Derek and stepdaughter Jennifer.



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The restorers quote no estimates, relying instead on their customers' trust. In one corner sits a wing and buff 1931 Packard Club Sedan with 79,000 miles on its odometer and the nameplate of its original owner Princess Jacqueline de Broglie attached to its walnut dashboard. The car, restored at a cost of \$50,000 and two years of labor, is in a state so pristine that before it leaves the shop Hill, who does much of the work himself, will even wipe any dust from the engine. What is holding up the car's return to a local ophthalmologist is an almost inaudible squeak in the dashboard. "It should not be there!" cries Hill. If necessary he will dismantle the dashboard again to eliminate the squeak.

Near the '31 Packard is the stripped frame of a '27 Packard that has just been sprayed with purple enamel, its original color. Every screw and bolt and color in a Hill-restored car will match the original. Once, admiring an old car at an antique-car show, Hill noticed a screw that did not belong. He lost all interest in the vehicle. He will purchase parts at a junkyard, an auction or an antique-car show or, if necessary, will reproduce them in his own machine shop.

"My cars must be sound mechanically," says Hill. "First, they must run right, as they were intended to. I drive all my old cars. I have this acquisitive streak. I love to go to car shows and mill around among the bolts and nuts—the parts, not the people and search for some old bumper. It's symbolic, as if by possessing a thing you have a certain distinction. My old-car passions have changed, though. I can go to another collector's house now and enjoy his belongings without envying them. Mostly, though, I restore old cars because it's what I do well. I get tremendous gratification from taking something in a decayed state and returning it to its former state. It's as if by restoring an old car I lived in another time and contributed to that time."

Hill is as inquisitive as he is acquisitive. In the past that inquisitiveness was directed toward the automobile, racing and, finally, death. Today, his curiosity shoots everywhere, to the serious as well as the trivial. He takes apart his wife's hair dryer simply to see how it works. He reads himself to sleep with medical books because he is curious about the mechanics of his body. Hill is committed to the principle that an unexamined life

is not worth living. He often tries to understand himself by returning to his childhood. He flashes back, reconstructing in order to understand. Why, he wonders, did he devote so great a chunk of his life to racing, an endeavor he now calls "meaningless" and whose practitioners he characterizes as "insane."

In the '30s, when most Americans were struggling, Hill's life was peopled with servants, chauffeurs, music tutors and his indulgent aunt, who bought him a car when he was 12. He was, however, deprived in less tangible ways. Like the offspring of many wealthy parents, he was overprotected. He was not permitted to play baseball or football—he still harbors a fear of catching a thrown ball—not could he date girls as early as his less affluent contemporaries did. His mother, Lela Long Hill, was, according to Hill, an austere, pampered and domineering woman who wrote and published religious hymns (*Jesus Is the Sweetest Name I Know*) and contributed money to evangelical crusades. Often she forced her son to stand with her for hours in the rear of a revival tent, listening to fiery admonitions. She was a contradictory woman, however, and in her youth was said to have had "a serious flirtation" with a famous Cleveland Indians baseball player, whose name the family has conveniently forgotten. Hill remembers his father only as a serious, unloving man whose advice upon sending him off to military school was, "Be a good little soldier." His father also trained him to greet women with a bow and a clack of his heels, a habit Hill retains, "a damned reflex!"

"It wasn't until the car thing that I felt any worth," Hill says. "I've always expressed myself via the automobile. I guess I sensed that I was in an insane environment and that my only escape was in something that had structure. Cars gave me a sense of worth. I could do something—drive—no one else my age could do. I could take cars apart, too, and when I put the nuts and bolts back together again and the thing worked, no one could prove me wrong. That kind of technology was fathomable, made sense in a way people never did. Cars are easy to master; they hold no threat, and, if you're careful, they can't hurt you like people can. I have been a 'thing' person all my life."

Hill was the first of his age group to learn to drive, and when others followed

he outstripped them again by his daring on the city streets and subsequently on the racetracks of Southern California. Without planning it, he became a sports-car racer simply to remain a step ahead of his contemporaries. "As a young racer I was a nut-case," says Hill. "My own worst enemy I drove on instinct, not intellect. I would go out and go too fast and sort of scramble around making sure to react to danger rather than doing a heady job."

Hill had been sports-car racing for almost five years when, in 1953, he began to suffer stomach pains that were diagnosed as caused by an ulcer. He feels now that the ulcer was brought on by a suppressed realization that he was engaged in a deadly sport. Under doctor's orders he quit racing for a year until the trouble subsided and then returned, determined to pursue his career to its ultimate conclusion. By then he had become ambivalent toward a sport that he could do so well and enjoyed on an instinctive level but which, on an intellectual level, he increasingly began to see as destructive.

His driving style changed drastically from one of reckless instinct to one of meticulous discipline. He formulated the theory that a driver affects his odds to such a high degree that he could learn to drive on the edge of disaster without ever going over that line.

By 1961 Hill's anxieties surfaced dramatically when, after the depletion of Ferrari's Formula 1 ranks through fatal racing accidents, he and Count Wolfgang von Trips found themselves the drivers with the best chance to win the world title. Hill became obsessed with winning it, partly from an urge to excel, and partly from a desire to get approval from Enzo Ferrari, whom he described as "a hard bastard whose ambition in life was to build the greatest racing machine," and yet "a man I respected and from whom I wanted more than anything affection and for him to be a good daddy."

Hill's relationship with *Il Commendatore* was every bit as charged as the one he had had with his own father. Hill was repulsed by Ferrari's "pompous, patrician superiority" so similar to his father's and by Ferrari's attitude toward his drivers. "To this day I do not know if he had any genuine feelings for us as individuals," says Hill, "or whether we were just tools tolerated as necessary evils. When one of us did win it was more as if

continued



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THE WINNER *continued*

Ferrari felt the victory was doubly his—he had not only managed to build the fastest car but one that was good enough to foil his drivers' destructiveness."

To some degree, almost every driver in the Ferrari stable saw their leader as a father figure. Ferrari sensed this, cultivated it and used it to push the men to greater efforts. The results were sometimes tragic. Says Hill, "There was something about the mood at Ferrari that did seem to spur drivers to their deaths. Perhaps it was the intense sibling rivalry Ferrari fostered, his failure to rank drivers and his fickleness with favorites. Luigi Musso died at Rheims striving to protect his fair-haired-boy status against the encroaching popularity of the Englishers, Peter Collins and Mike Hawthorn. And Collins, a favorite while living in the hotel within earshot of the factory, began to get a Ferrari cold shoulder when he got married and went to live on a boat in Monte Carlo. He was dead within the year. Time and again I felt myself bristling as Ferrari used Richie Ginther and Dan Gurney to needle me. And certainly Trips and I were locked in combat."

Ferrari fueled the rivalry between von Trips and Hill by refusing to name either as team captain during the 1961 season. He merely sat back and watched them fight it out for the championship that, in either case, would be his. Von Trips, the archetypal playboy-racer, was famous for a driving style as careless as his life-style. His compatriots called him "Count von Crash." Hill, however, was as disciplined and cautious on the track as he was off it. He talked about his fear of dying, a subject taboo among drivers. His fellow drivers dubbed him "Hamlet in a helmet." "I'm not sure I wasn't deliberately antagonistic," says Hill. "It was like my growing interest in piano rolls. I immersed myself in them so they would take away concentration from racing and prepare me for quitting. It was the same with my colleagues. I was painting myself into a corner with them and their attitudes so I would be forced into an action—quitting."

On Sept. 10, 1961, at the start of the Grand Prix of Italy, von Trips had his four-point lead over Hill for the championship. Midway through the second lap, von Trips tried to pass Jimmy Clark at 150 mph, nudged Clark's car with his own and plunged out of control into the

crowd. Fourteen spectators were killed, as was von Trips. Still on the circuit, Hill was aware of the crash but ignorant of its extent, so he continued to drive an almost flawless race to victory and the world championship.

"My defenses were equal to the shock of his death," says Hill. "They were strained to the utmost, however, by the funeral. There were three services. The first was held in the Trips' castle near Cologne. A funeral mass was said and then a procession formed outside. It was raining, yet none of us wore raincoats or carried umbrellas. We walked a mile to the Trips' church. The pace was set by an old, old woman, dressed in black and carrying a symbolic brass lantern. There was a band, also dressed in black, which played Chopin's *Funeral March*. The casket was carried on Trips' personal Ferrari, an open model. It, of course, had to be driven very slowly.

"At the church another mass took place—this one was sung. Then the procession re-formed to go to the cemetery, perhaps another mile away. It was raining harder. The Trips' family chapel is situated on a knoll in the cemetery. The procession stopped at the foot of the knoll, eight of us clambered up the rise, slipping and sliding in the mud with the heavy casket. The last service was held and poor Trips was finally entombed. I have never experienced anything so mournful as that day."

During the first five years of his retirement Hill lived the kind of reclusive life to which he had grown accustomed during bachelorhood. Except for a maid and manservant, he was alone. Each day began like the one before. His manservant, Coakley, would knock on the bedroom door and, without waiting for a response, enter carrying a tea service. Coakley would deposit the tea service on the table beside the bed in which Hill slept. Oblivious to his sleeping master, Coakley would say "Good morning" and move to the window. He would fling apart the curtains, at which sound Hill would open a malevolent eye. Coakley would look out at the morning, sigh, and no matter what the weather—sun or smog—make the same response, "Well, Master, another dull day," and depart.

If Hill's life was no longer as stimulating as before, it was not dull. He immersed himself in activities. Some, like his piano rolls and antique cars, he had

pursued while racing; others he had come to later. He undertook vigorous routines of weight lifting and calisthenics. He became an omnivorous reader of everything from medical books to *East of Eden* to articles on extrasensory perception, heredity and the continuity of human experience. He formulated labyrinthine theories on such topics as sleep ("An impossible reconciliation can exist in one's mind that amazingly can be smoothed over by sleep") and life ("a continual bleeding off of frustrations") and, naturally, death. He decided that death was a transcendence to a new state in which the dead become part of the cosmic unity of all creation, past, present and future.

Hill's most fascinating new toy was introspection. He used it unsparingly on himself in the hope that with enough time and distance, he would understand his past and his obsession with racing.

"If racers have one thing in common," Hill says, "it is a blind compulsion to race that transcends everything else. Such a man is turned on by the possibility that he is doing something that could kill him. It's an outlet for people whose lives and selves were inadequate. They try to put order and meaning into their lives by imposing their will on something potentially chaotic. A racer believes he makes his deadly machine safe. He plays God. He is one of the Blessed. His sport *must* be deadly so that in competing and surviving his skill takes on mystical qualities. The best way to anger a racer is to tell him his skill is just reflexes, eyes, an ability to see at 100 frames per second while the rest of humanity sees at 50 frames. They don't want to hear that. They want to hear that they are mutations, that they have a mystical gift transcending anything other mortals have. They prove they are blessed by surviving the ultimate challenge. It elevates them. The cliché is that racers have a death wish. Nothing could be further from the truth. They don't want to die, they just want the possibility of death. It's their way of reaffirming life, their life. Of course, the best way to reaffirm life is not to race at all. I couldn't say that until I quit."

On June 5, 1971, Philip Toll Hill married Alma Varanowski, a 33-year-old California divorcee who had an 11-year-old daughter. At the time of his marriage the bridegroom was 44 years old and a previously confirmed bachelor with a

manservant who would shortly be given his notice. "I never thought I'd get married," says Hill. "I had seen what happened to my parents."

Hill's decision was influenced by an incident at once familiar to Hill and yet so different from any he had experienced. "Alma's father had died," says Hill, "and they had the funeral in their house in Phoenix. They had been displaced persons during World War II, and had fled Germany and the Nazis to settle in Arizona. They lived a kind of pioneer life. Her father, who worked as a laborer, built his small house with his own hands. You could see where he added a room here, and later, a bathroom there. It was a simple, beautiful house. At the funeral Alma's mother sat by her husband's casket while mourners passed by. They were mostly these big, truck-driver types who'd worked with her husband. They were crying and she was consoling them. Her father, who worked as a laborer, I remember, amid the tears there was laughter. She threw her arms around me and kissed me and I kissed her. I couldn't believe I did it! It was something I would never do. My family did not touch, never expressed affection like that. But here is the thing I will never forget. The casket was open and she was sitting beside it. You could see him lying there as if he were sleeping, and all the while she was greeting mourners she was absentmindedly stroking his forehead, soothing him in a way I will never forget."

Alma Hill, a striking blonde with a hearty, expansive nature, says, "Marriage was quite traumatic for Philip. After all those years! When Derek was born, Philip decided that the house had gotten too small and so he was going to sell his piano rolls. He didn't have to sell them. It seemed to be a symbolic thing."

"I had spent years acquiring them," says Hill. "I had the finest collection in the world, but when the baby came I impulsively sold them. I catalogued them for the new owner and one night I got this terrible panic. It was like racing—I was painting myself into a corner so I couldn't go back."

"I cried when he sold them," says Alma. "He was deliberately giving up a part of his life for us."

"All my life I have been a 'thing' person," says Hill. "My wife is a 'people' person. I have been learning from her."

"I look at those old pictures of my hus-

—continued

band," says Alma, "and he looks so different now. Other racers, the ones that remained in racing, look the same. Oh, they look older, but basically you can recognize them because they are the same person. Philip is not. He has undergone a psychic change that has changed the way he looks. My husband has worked very hard to remake himself into another person. But in some ways he can't. He would never be able to divorce himself from guys like Dan Gurney and Graham Hill, or move from this house and his cars. My mother had a saying: 'No matter what, you cannot cut blood.'"

Whenever Phil Hill was with Graham Hill, he addressed his friend as "Due Volte Campione" (two-time World Champion), while referring to himself as "Una Volta Campione." Graham delighted in such deference, but sensed something was amiss from the faintly mocking tone of condescension.

Hill would be the first to admit that on an objective level he has a distaste for the attitudes and pursuits of racing men. He fears that he may have lost some respect over the years by the ferocity with which he has lashed out against racing. He now seems intent upon restoring his image. He goes to races again. He circulates among race people, around whom he is deferential, as if consigned to a purgatory of *mea culpa* for past transgressions. They view him warily, as a curiosity whose behavior cannot be predicted. "I wonder what brings old Phil out of the woodwork," they think.

Ironically, Hill has again become proud of his racing achievements. Now, secure, he accepts them for what they were. He realizes that no matter what he wills himself to believe, or to be, there will always be a part of him he cannot deny. He will never excise that part, only make his peace with it.

Sept. 28, 1973, a blazing Sunday afternoon in Long Beach, Calif. Phil Hill, Dan Gurney and Graham Hill are sitting in Gurney's pickup truck as it eases through a throng of spectators. Here are three of racing's most famous retirees. They are wearing metallic racing suits. Their helmets rest on their laps. Occasionally they wave at their fans as they make their way to Ocean Boulevard, the starting line for the race course laid out through the city streets. There, 30,000 fans and three identical Toyota sedans are waiting for them.

They have agreed to a three-lap match race in those Toyotas as a promotional gimmick before the first running of the Long Beach Grand Prix for Formula 5000 cars.

Only Phil seems apprehensive. Dan, now a car builder, seems less preoccupied with racing his Toyota than with the F5000 car he has entered in the LBGP. Graham seems merely distracted.

"I asked the Toyota mechanic if he bled the brakes," says Phil. "He says, 'Don't worry, they should last three laps.' I started screaming, 'What the hell does that mean? I'm driving the God-damned thing! Guys have got killed in this type of thing.'"

Gurney laughs. "Come on, Phil. Remember what Ferrari used to say? 'Not to worry. You get in, you drive, you win.'"

"But I don't want to win," says Phil. "I just don't want to stuff it and make an ass of myself. I should never have agreed to this."

"Well, why did you?" says Dan.

"I'll be damned if I know. . . . I only know we're gonna make fools of ourselves."

"Just one more time, Philip, that is all," Graham says.

"Oh, it's all right for you to say, Graham. You've only been retired a few months, and Dan's been practicing at Riverside! I'm an old man."

"Oh, Philip, you are not an old man," says Graham. "You are an old lady. You are an old lady exactly as you were years ago."

"Yes, I am," says Phil. "I haven't changed, Graham, and I'm proud of it."

When they reach the starting line, jammed with spectators, Graham says, "Well, chaps, I am simply going to put on my helmet, crawl out on all fours and hide behind a tire." The truck stops, and they get out to thunderous applause and the flashes of dozens of cameras. Gurney is the favorite. He turns, smiling, to wave at the shouts of his name. Graham poses for a pretty woman photographer who coos, "He's such a dreamboat!" Phil signs autographs on the back of LBGP programs that carry a biography of him. He says, "Graham, will you look at this! It mentions how I finished third at Monaco '61! I finished SECOND in '62! Why the hell didn't they mention that?"

They pose for one last picture, standing side by side with their arms around

each other's shoulders. Phil, in the middle, is dwarfed by the other two, each over six feet. Their racing suits are sleek-fitting while his is old-fashioned and baggy as if he has shrunk and no longer has the stature of the man who once wore it. The photographer asks them to put on their helmets. The helmets of Gurney and Graham Hill have dark Plexiglas spaceman visors that cover their faces. Phil's helmet looks like a beekeeper's hat. It has a small peak and a colorless Plexiglas visor that only covers his eyes. Inside the helmet is printed: "Herbert Johnson, 39 New Bond Street, London, West. By appointment liaisons to the late King George VI."

The picture taken, they get into the Toyotas. They start the cars, whose open exhausts sound, according to Phil, "like a flatulent cow. What I wouldn't give for the sound of a Ferrari now."

The race is uneventful. Phil's fears are unfounded as all three conspire to cross the finish line together. When they return to the starting line, the F5000 cars are staggered on the grid. The three retired drivers emerge from their Toyotas and are given a brief cheer, but already the spectators' attention has turned to the sleek racing cars that will reach upwards of 175 mph through the city streets.

Gurney hurries to his F5000 car and crouches down to give his driver, Vern Schuppan, advice. Graham Hill vanishes. Phil Hill beens the long walk back to the paddock area. He is sweating and agitated as he walks, the F5000 cars on his left and the spectators, behind a wire fence, on his right. Occasionally, someone points him out and calls his name. The phrase "world champion" can be heard. Hill is oblivious to all. He is walking very fast and talking. "Well, I'm glad that's over. I wasn't kidding! You could get killed in this type of thing. I remember Mike Hawthorn. He was on his way to an awards dinner and his car hit a tree. He was killed instantly. He had only been retired for a couple of months!"

Hill is walking past car after car on the grid. The drivers, encased in their cockpits, are all perfectly still. Their hands are stretched out before them, gripping tiny steering wheels. They stare ahead, mindless of the mechanics hovering near them.

"It's just like I thought," says Hill. "It's the kind of thing you don't want to do. I could never just race a little. It's

continued

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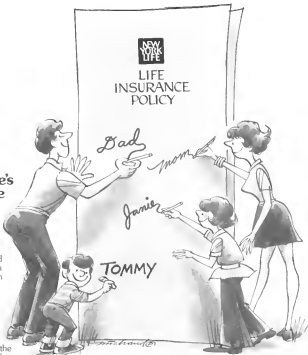
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THE WINNER continued

like an alcoholic taking one drink. It's possible to rid oneself of the psychopathic aspects of drinking and drink normally again, but it's not worth the chance." Hill's voice is strangely loud now, because suddenly there is silence. The spectators are standing, their attention directed to the start. A man in a powder-blue blazer and white slacks is walking between the race cars toward the first one on the grid, carrying the starting flag.

"It's like when I went to Europe," says Hill, his voice growing still louder. "I had been married only a few months when I went over to be with the guys. I lived a bachelor life again, and when I came back to Alma, all of a sudden I couldn't sleep. I had the shakes, this terrible panic that I was really married and it was all over. Who the hell wants to go 55 mph for the rest of his life?"

Hill is alongside the first car on the grid now but he does not even notice it or its driver, Tony Brise, a 23-year-old Englishman who is the protégé of Graham Hill. Two months later Tony Brise will be sitting alongside Graham Hill in his light airplane when it crashes on a golf course outside of London, killing them both.

To those who had never been involved in automobile racing, the death of Graham Hill so soon after his retirement would seem ironic. But it did not seem so to those, like Phil Hill, who had been in racing. It was the kind of death Phil Hill has come to expect, if not accept. "It was terrible weather the night he crashed," says Phil. "He should never have been flying. But that was Graham."

Now Phil Hill is busy with his next step back into automobile racing. He is the co-race director for the U.S. Grand Prix West for Formula 1 cars being run at Long Beach next Sunday. And he is going to participate in another promotional match race, not in Toyotas with a top speed of 105 mph but in vintage Formula 1 cars with speeds of over 175 mph. The competition will include such racing retirees as Gurney, Carroll Shelby, Denis Hulme, Jack Brabham, Stirling Moss, Rene Dreyfus and five-time World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio. Phil will drive a red Ferrari Dino Formula 1 car similar to the one in which he won his 1961 championship. He says of his race, "I just hope those other old-timers have enough respect for the historical value of their machines not to go out and stuff them into a wall." **END**

70

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 8-14

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA. Golden State arrived in Portland two late to celebrate Maudie's feat but just in time to enjoy their clinching win over the Pacific Division title with a 111-97 win over the Blazers. Free Maudie's scored 31 points to lead the Jazz to a 118-103 defeat of the Warriors, after already giving New Orleans out of the Central Division early with wins in three of four previous games. Boston at the week Golden State sailed after scoring 33 in the third period to lead the Blazers 112-108. Phil Spector and Scott Barry scoring 46 of their 74 points in the second half. In the Atlantic, Boston holds a 61-point edge on Buffalo and Philadelphia. The three unbeaten rookie Jay Bryant, who scored a career high 26 points in a 125-106 win over Phoenix and three in another, 121 to a 104-107 defeat of Atlanta, Central leader Washington was also late Sunday when it defeated Boston 110-90. Second-round 4 seed and Philadelphia on the Bulls by nailing an 11th and 12th consecutive championship victories, over Golden State 119-99 and Phoenix 99-77. In the Midwest, the visiting club closed to 350 Milwaukee remained the first of the last 60, trailing 215 games ahead of Detroit. Chicago proved itself the worst, the Bulls' record falling to a league low of 20-60.

ABA. Indiana and St. Louis didn't play each other, but in their skirmish for the fifth and final playoff berth each defeated two of the top three teams. Philadelphia topped league-leading Denver 128-119, getting 10 points and 30 rebounds from Ben Smith and David McLean. Another three-pointed San Antonio, scored points in double figures—Karlene had 28—and Indiana got 123-115. St. Louis, who missed two games behind the Pacers, at Marion Burton's career 26 points and a third one of a career high 25 points in the scoring battles of a 99-97 defeat of second-place New York. The Pistons beat Houston 104-97, and the Celtics accounted for 16 of the 25 points in the final four minutes. New York contributed to the Niagara net losing mark, winning 101-106 in Cleveland. Washington's second straight points in overtime to finish with a career high 38. Fourth-place Kentucky dominated Virginia 131-114, falling two points short of a club scoring record.

BOATING—ROCKY AOKI, piloting a 15-foot Capri, won the Budweiser Grand Prix of Newport Beach, Calif., over 37.

GOLF—HUBERT GREEN carded a tournament record 18 under par 270 on the Donald Sauter Open by an broken over Jack Nicklaus and Mark Hayes, in Miami (April 20).

HOCKEY—NHL. The St. Louis Division lead against the Vancouver and Chicago. After the Black Hawks 5-3 loss to the Islanders on Sunday, they led the Canucks by just two points. A club's record for a first-place finish is a first into the second round of the Stanley Cup playoffs. In the North, Montreal could save that respect after defeating Boston 4-2 (April 20). Philadelphia and the Bruins are expected to win in the Patrick and Adams divisions. Pittsburgh began the season in a second-place position in the Norris, but blew a 3-0 third-period lead over Buffalo and lost 7-6, as Penguins Pierre Larocque scored on three goals to set a NHL record for second-year point men of 91 points. The Kings edged the Rangers 4-3 and won a playoff berth for the third straight year. St. Louis' Gerry Unger broke ex-Ranger Andy Hutchinson's consecutive game mark by skating in his 521st straight—a 2-2 tie with Toronto. Canadian Gary LaBar and Phil Bobby Clarke both surpassed the 100-point mark; LaBar with his 66th goal and an assist in a 3-1 tie with the Bruins. Clarke, who he had two assists in a 6-1 victory over Buffalo.

WHA—After a 3-2 loss to Phoenix dropped them from first place in the Eastern Division, the New England Whalers captain Coach Don Blackburn with Harry Neale, who had coached Mounties until a folded. New England then skated to a 5-1 win over first place, behind Cleveland 8-2. Cincinnati's 6-3 loss to Indianapolis put it in a tie with Cleveland for second place in the north. The New York Whippersnappers 5-2. On Saturday night New England defeated the Stingers 5-1 to build a three-point edge. In the Eastern Division, the Eastern's first team, won when five points of first after winning its third game of the week, 4-0 over Phoenix. Between the Whalers and the Whalers and against the Whalers Quebec have the league's top six records. As Whalers' 5-2 defeat of Toronto, each member of the club's Luf Nilsson (No. 23), Bobby Miller (No. 13) and Anders Hedberg (No. 41) scored a goal. They each tallied again in a 10-4 defeat of Quebec, raising St. Louis' record to a league-high 12-4. No. 1 server Mary Turfald tallied his 60th for the

Northeast. Houston beat San Diego twice, 9-2 and 3-1, and leads the Western Division by 12 points over Phoenix.

HORSE RACING—BILL SHOEMAKER got his 7,000th career win over Royal Derby II with a 70-1 length come-from-behind victory in the fifth race at Santa Anita on Sunday.

TALLY'S TOP 100, ridden by Francisco Mena, scored a two-length victory over Chazy Surpise in the \$150,000 California Derby. The 3-year-old gelding was trained in 1:42 1/2 for the 1 1/4 miles at Golden Gate Fields.

SPEED RACING—World records fell in four events on the Golden Skies race in Las Vegas. Wren Gossage, NANCY SMITH Jr. at Park Ridge, 95, won the 1/8 mile in 4:30.3 to shatter by 3/8 seconds record held by Russia's Vera Korneeva. SHEILA YOUNG won the 1/4 mile in 4:42.4, a 22-second record over her own mark. HANS VAN HILDEIN, of The Netherlands, took the 1/2 mile in 1:35.1 to lower countrymen Art Schep's record by 3.29 seconds, and The Netherlands' FLET KLEINJE set a 10,000 record of 14:43.2.

SWIMMING—LISE-MARIE MOBERG, of Sweden, and INGI MAR STENMARK, of Sweden, clinched the women's giant slalom and the men's slalom World Cup titles by winning their specialties at Aspen, Colo. Olympic gold medalist FRANZ KLAUBER and ARNOLD KLEIN, of Austria, took the downhill. Tetsuhiko's victory gave him the lead in that event's World Cup.

HILARI DEVIILLARD, of France, wrapped up the 1975 slalom title with his third consecutive victory of the slalom and giant slalom events, in Sesselhof Springs, Colo.

SWIMMING—ULRIKE TAUBER, ANTE STILLE, ULRIKE ROYTER and ROSEMARIE GARNIER, of East Germany broke their race world records in a dual time in Tallinn, U.S.S.R. Tauber's 2:38.3 in the 100-meter individual freestyle was 1/8 second faster than her previous mark. Royster's 1:02.6 for the 200 freestyle took 3/8 second of her earlier record. Stille's 1:12.5 for the 200 back was 9/10 second better than the existing mark. Garnier lowered her three-year-old 200-meter butterfly record by 1/10 second with a clocking of 1:13.4.

TENNIS—THE UNITED STATES led the Soviet Union 97-77 after the first four of five matches between the two teams (April 20).

HAWAIIAN CONCORDS bore the names 6-3, 6-2, 6-2 to win the U.P.A. International in Hilo, Hawaii.

ROD LAVEY outlasted fellow Australian Alan Chandler 1-6, 7-6 and 6-2 to win the W.C.T. Challenge match in Honolulu-Kona, Hawaii. In WCT tennis play, VILAY AMORAT, of Tunisia, beat the New South 6-2, 6-4, 6-4 in the Memphis Racquet Club Center, and RALPH RABREZ defeated Eddie Dibbs 7-6, 6-2 in Mexico City.

TRACK & FIELD—ATLET scored 23 points to win an unprecedented third consecutive NCAA indoor championship at Detroit, Villanova, with 15, was second and Tennessee, 14, third.

WRESTLING—THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA regained its N.C.A.A. title and set a new scoring record of 123-25 points, at Tucson, Ariz. (April 21).

WRESTLING—DENIED Major league baseball's appeal of an arbitrator's decision granting free-agent transition Andy Messersmith and Dave Mundy. The decision by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco ruling by a Federal District Court in Kansas City.

NAMED RAY SCOTT, 37, coach of the Detroit Pistons, hired 1972 in January 1974, as basketball coach at Eastern Michigan University.

PLACED ON PROBATION—By the NCAA, the UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA basketball team for three seasons, for recruiting and other violations in 1971-73. Among other penalties, the Gophers are barred from postseason competition until 1978.

WISCONSIN BOY SKIPPING, 42, for 16 years, finished 37th at Vanderbilts, where his team completed a 7-2-1-13 record. WAYNE DUBOIS, his assistant for the slalom, was 10th in second place.

DIED—TEDDY BRYAN, 67, boxing trainer for 30 years, who handled featherweight champions Jimmy Maceo and lightweight champions Junior Carter and Carlos Cotto, in Bronx, N.Y.

DIED—CHARLEY (Pho) NERO BERG, 75, world heavyweight boxing champion from 1923-27, in New York City.

CREDITS

14—Drawing by Arnold Beck. 21—Henry Miller. 22, 23—Alli Satterthwaite-Camara. 30—Gloria Long. 40, 41—Eric Schwabach. 42, George Jung. 42—Scott Lee. 44—Linda Swanson. 46—Rich Clemons. 53—Peter Brad Miller. 59—Al Jansz.

FACES IN THE CROWD



STEVE BASTIANELLI, a senior at Santa Ana (Del.) Central High, won his third straight state high school wrestling title, triumphing in the 118-pound class. He has not lost in six years of state competition and was a Greco-Roman champion in the 1975 National AAU Junior Olympics.



DR. PAUL HUTTERER, 51, an associate professor of anatomy-physiology at Western Illinois, holds 17 national age-group swimming records ranging from the 50-yard butterfly (1:38.0) to the 100 to 149 32.46. In 1975 he was top AAU Masters (50-54) swimmer.



JIM O'NEIL, 50, and his son, **TOM**, 16, a junior at Jaxat High School in Sacramento, Calif., broke a world marathon best for a father-son team by four minutes, 28 seconds, when they combined for a time of five hours, 16 minutes and 53 seconds in the West Valley Marathon in San Mateo, Calif. Running his first marathon ever, Tom came in 13th in a field of 106 with a clocking of 2:39:01, becoming the 12th high school runner to cover the distance in less than 2 1/2 hours. Jim was the second entrant over 50 to finish, placing 38th at 2:47:32.



NANCY GENGLER, a sophomore at Princeton, captured a 11-0 record while leading the Tigers to their fourth straight national squash title, beating Yale sophomore Liz Munson in the finals of the women's intercollegiate championships at Dartmouth.



MIKE GENSKI, a junior at Ames High in Monroe, Conn., averaged 40.7 points in 20 games to lead all New England scorers and break Calvin Murphy's 30-year-old state record of 40.3. The 6'11" center paced the Panthers to 52 straight wins and three league titles.



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

MUCH ADD ABOUT McADOO

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's story on Bob McAdoo (*Shoot if You Must . . . I Must*, *Salt* McAdoo, March 8) neglected to mention one important point: the Braves have never won an NBA championship, even with "the hottest shot in the game."

In comparing Dave Cowens, Rick Barry and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to McAdoo, the only thing accomplished is a comparison of three champions to an outstanding individual hallplayer. I don't know if McAdoo would trade his scoring titles for an NBA championship. McAdoo shows great admiration for himself. So does Muhammad Ali, but he is the champ.

G. J. FREDERICKS

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

Dave Cowens of Boston has it over Bob McAdoo in one important facet of the game: winning. This season Cowens has stifled McAdoo every time they have met, and the Celtics have beaten Buffalo four out of five times. The only time Buffalo won McAdoo didn't play.

GARY GOLDMAN

Brooklyn

Sir:

What a pity it is that an athlete as talented as Bob McAdoo has to resort to obnoxious boasting in order to satisfy his ego.

As an avid basketball fan and player, I can appreciate McAdoo as one of the game's most outstanding talents. He has to be the best-shooting big man in the game, and his quickness and leaping ability make him dangerous around the boards. Yet, McAdoo is not a player without weakness. There are a number of other superstars in the pros with a lot going for them.

It would certainly be more realistic if McAdoo considered himself for what he is, not a star above stars, but a star among stars.

JAY UNGER

Athens, Ga.

Sir:

My thanks to SI and to Curry Kirkpatrick for the much deserved article on the finest player in the NBA today, Bob McAdoo. For 3½ years Buffalo Bob has been proving to fans that he is the best thing to come along since the net. Now he can prove it to the whole country.

DEBB PATTERSON

Ashland, Ohio

Sir:

As Kareem Abdul-Jabbar said: "Nobody takes [shots] from where McAdoo does and hits."

E. D. PREUSSING

Irving, Texas

TWINGES

Sir:

The Face of Pain (March 8) brought home to me a side of the athlete that had never before been quite real. Amid all the complaints about high salaries, sports fans should be made to realize that athletes are not robots; they are people, and their suffering extends beyond the final whistle. Never again will I heedlessly turn away from the television set when an athlete goes down on the field.

BRIAN LOWE

Atlanta

Sir:

I have never been as moved by an article, in any periodical, at any time, as I was by *The Face of Pain*. You have explored a topic which, though universal, is seldom discussed.

As a casual athlete I had one knee operation when I was 17. At 21 I now have chronic arthritis, which originated in the injured knee and is gradually spreading to the other joints in my body. I ask no one's sympathy, nor do I expect any. I will continue to indulge in athletic pursuits until I am unable to do so. "Playing with pain" becomes a meaningless phrase; playing is the important part. Pain is dealt with before and after.

EDWARD J. AWATO

New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

How could Mark Kram fail to mention Mackey Mantle and Willis Reed?

MIKE CORDARO JR.

Dunmore, Pa.

Sir:

These athletes must be motivated by something higher than the almighty dollar.

BOB OLAR

Wabash, Ind.

Sir:

Mark Kram's article dealt only with professional athletes. I suggest that college scholarship athletes, who in a very real sense are professionals, too, are dealt an even more severe physical and mental blow by athletic

injuries. These athletes face injuries in a world where their only compensation is that scholarship money. The repercussions of their injuries are often given little thought.

CARLTON AGUIAR
Football All-American, 1969
University of Florida

Jacksonville, Fla.

Sir:

America has always extolled the virtue of pain but always shunned its reality.

ALVIN FIDTZE

Minneapolis

ON THE HIGH SEAS

Sir:

Bravo for a classic story by a legendary Gulf Stream sailor and superb yachting author, Carleton Mitchell ("Reckless and Reckless" to Nassau, March 8). I enjoyed the photos, too.

CHARLES H. QUINN

San Francisco

Sir:

Your last two yacht racing articles, the one on Lowell North (*North to the South-Sea*, Jan. 26) and your coverage of the SORC circuit by Carleton Mitchell with the super photograph on page 14, have caused many favorable comments by those of us who are involved in the racing end of our sport. "Reckless and Reckless" was an outstanding piece.

KEVIN J. SUMMERELL

Sarasota, Fla.

LESSONS FROM MICA CREEK

Sir:

I read with considerable concern your account of the disastrous effect of the Mica Creek Dam (*When They Build Without a Blueprint*, Feb. 23). Why is it that as man continues to build, he also continues to destroy?

BETSY CONWAY

Omaha

Sir:

I'm sure that the article stirred the heartstrings of every tree-hugger in America. The "conservation at all costs" ethic appears again and again in this article. The U.S. is currently in the midst of a time-consuming and costly appraisal of each and every major federally funded project. This appraisal takes the form of an environmental impact statement, required by the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969. If this procedure

continued

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O.J. Simpson

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HELP.**



**MARCH
OF
DIMES**

18TH HOLE *continued*

had been an effect since the Declaration of Independence, we probably would no longer be a nation. We'd be a group of savages living among the trees, unable to cut firewood without the necessary environmental documentation.

Robert Cantwell probably takes electricity, highways and good health for granted. All of these advances have been made because of some environmental trade off.

We should establish parks for the Cantwells of this world, where they could spend the rest of their lives enjoying all the advantages of the pristine wilderness. Then they might find that some seemingly adverse environmental impacts are acceptable, no matter how great or irreversible.

JONATHAN R. PERABELS
Chillicothe, Ohio

Sir:

The article was a breath of fresh air in the all too stuffy atmosphere of environmental preaching. Neither the developers nor the environmentalists can have it all their way, but long-range planning and research might prevent any more Mica messes. "Haste makes waste" for the developer, the recreationalist, the hunter, the backpacker, the dam builder, the mountain climber and the user of electricity.

(THE REV.) PAT O'LEARY, S.J.
Cleveland

Sir:

To one who for too many years has been a member of an ever-growing chorus that has emotionally—and it would now seem mindlessly—blamed hunting for all of wildlife's woes, the Mica Creek Dam horror story was an eye-opener. While I still don't approve of hunting, never again will I disagree when a hunter argues that habitat destruction and not hunting is the biggest danger facing our wildlife.

SHAN MASTERS
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

OUTBOARD SAILS

Sir:

I enjoyed Jack Knight's article on Antonio Katsinen's outboard sail invention (*Dan's Row, Row, Row, Clip It On, March 1*). I have seen a primitive forerunner (a runner) of his elegant rig in the St. Vincent Grenadines, where the kids used opened-up flour sacks instead of Terylene, bamboo for the spars, and advertising signs provided by a rum distillery for the "rearboard." The less affluent boys depressed with spurs and rearboard and simply stood on the transom holding the flour sack spread out. The boat wouldn't point worth a darn but moved along smartly on a run, and the flour-sack sail had as an advantage the fact that it could be folded into a pants pocket or used as a parka in a squall.

Hear, hear for alternative, nonpolluting
continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

power sources to small motors, but how has anyone decided that ours pollute?

JACK MONTGOMERY

Jacksonville, Fla.

AID TO BIKECENTENIALISTS

Sir:

After reading about the Bkcentennial (*The Road to Independence*, March 1), I've gone to work on an idea whereby one group of hobby enthusiasts can help another.

With 10,000 to 18,000 cyclists touring part or all of the U.S., a means of communicating with the folks back home between stopping points on the tour will be in demand. And since many cyclists may be traveling on a shoestring, some economy in getting such messages handled might help.

The amateur radio operators who participate in the National Traffic System designed by the American Radio Relay League have the means by which this need can be met. Initial efforts to alert the hams along the bike route and elsewhere throughout the country are already under way. I expect that the less mobile hams will also enjoy the trip as they keep busy on the air while the bikers do their thing.

MIKE DAILY

WH0YT

Minnetonka, Minn.

CURE FOR COACHES' ANTICS?

Sir:

Crowd control at basketball games is becoming a major concern. Some coaches seem to invite fan misbehavior by their actions, particularly home-team coaches who attempt to use the reactions of the crowd to their own advantage.

Wouldn't it be crazy if, when a technical foul is called for courtside antics by one coach, the other team's coach, rather than one of the players, was made to take the foul shot? Imagine in the ACC an official whistling a T on Lefty Driesell, and Dean Smith going to the line and no doubt embarrassing himself. Smith could return the favor, and after both had been sufficiently embarrassed, the game could proceed without any further coaching antics. By this time, the crowd's profanity would have been reduced to hysterical laughter and the coaches would have gotten the attention they were desperately vying for.

Of course, university search committees would probably seek to hire coaches with foul-shooting abilities. Career records might then read 130 wins, 75 losses, 30 for 90 from the line.

HOWARD SCONE

Carrboro, N.C.

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